The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 24, 1919

A TOWERING FIGURE OF THE WAR

AMERICA could not be honored by any foreigner's visit more than she is by that of Désiré, Cardinal Mercier. More than any other man he is a symbol of the strength that has resisted Germany, a spiritual strength of unfaltering faith that good can come out of evil, of steady courage, of heroic endurance.

The Cardinal is sixty-eight years old. He was born in a little village close to the battlefield of Waterloo. Educated for the priesthood at Malines, he took up the equally noble profession of teaching, and for many years was Professor of Philosophy at the University of Louvain. His contact with his pupils was so intimate and influential as to create a group of eminent present-day philosophers, while no library of philosophy is complete without his volumes on that subject.

When, in 1906, he was made Cardinal, it was quickly evident that the academician was also a practical man of positive administrative genius. Again, in 1914, when the war broke out, it was even more quickly evident that the Cardinal was a very rock in his country's defense. Hear, for instance, his Christmas Pastoral of that year:

> I hold it as part of my office to instruct you as to your duty in the face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country.
>
> Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. The authority of the invader is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul and in conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience.
>
> The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King and of our Government of the elected representatives of the nation.

Fifteen thousand copies of this letter were seized and destroyed, the printer was arrested and fined, and everything possible was done to keep the Cardinal a prisoner in his palace. For more than four years German pressure vainly tried to stifle the indomitable prelate.

And now we find that he is a prophet as well. He cherishes no illusions as to the chances of another war. In an interview in the New York "Times" he declares:

> Germany is already preparing for a war of revenge. Defeated, she talks of peace, but the spirit of the country is just the same. If an attack is made upon France it will again be also upon Belgium because we are in the way.

The motto of the Cardinal's coat of arms reads: "Apostolos Jesu Christi." Truly here are found in one man all those qualities which make up that antique type of scholar, pastor, prelate, statesman, and prophet which we naturally think of under the title "apostle."

THE BULLITT REVELATIONS

The sensational testimony of Mr. William C. Bullitt before the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations was an outcome of the vacillation of the Administration as to a Russian policy. Allowing for the personal pique that actuated it, and the fact that some of the most startling assertions were verbal accounts of conversations, it certainly throws light on lack of harmony of views between the President and the other members of our Peace Commission. It was already known that three of the other Peace Commissioners radically differed from Mr. Wilson as to Shantung. Now Mr. Bullitt says that Secretary of State Lansing told him that he "believed that if the Senate only understood what this Treaty means and the Americans would really understand it, it unquestionably would be defeated." Mr. Lansing has made no denial nor any statement about this, or the further assertions that he declared to Mr. Bullitt that the Treaty was in many parts thoroughly bad, the League of Nations "at present entirely useless," and that "the great Powers have simply gone ahead and arranged the world to suit themselves." On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George has emphatically pronounced statements by Mr. Bullitt about the British attitude at the Conference to be without the slightest foundation. What the influence of the Bullitt testimony on the Senate's action as to Treaty and League will be remains to be seen.

It is well known that at one time Mr. Wilson leaned toward direct dealings with the Bolshevik Government and that American radical advisers had his ear and influenced his mind. Bullitt was a man of this type. Together with Lincoln Steffens he was sent to Russia to confer with Lenine and to get from him some kind of proposal which would bring about cessation of fighting on all the Russian fronts and a settlement of the Russian question acceptable to the Bolsheviki. Just what authority he had is in doubt. He secured from Lenine some sort of a one-sided offer, much to the Bolshevik advantage. But when he returned to Paris his mission was ignored; the wind had changed and the President had seen the futility of this negotiation with the despots who misgoverned Russia.

Bullitt was one of the many experts who accompanied our Commission to Paris. He had previously been an expert on Central Europe for the State Department. At Paris he acted as chief of the current intelligence section of our Commission. He resigned after the failure of his Russian project to receive attention from the President. That he was trusted with important matters is shown by the fact that he was able to lay before the Senate the draft of the President's own original League plan and that of the British plan drawn up by Lord Robert Cecil.

THE VICTORY OF THE ACTORS

The actors' strike for better living conditions and for the recognition of their right to bargain collectively, a strike which The Outlook heartily supported and which has been described at length in these columns, has come to an end. Various conflicting reports of the outcome of the strike have been published in the daily press. Representatives of the managers, of the Actors' Fidelity League (which supported the managers), and the Actors' Equity Association, which conducted the strike, have all laid claim to victory. It seems evident to those who have studied the situation, however, that the only claims to victory which are justified are those put forward by the Actors' Equity Association.

A letter which we have received from Mr. Walter Hampden, one of the leaders of the Equity Association, gives, we believe, a fair summary of what the actors achieved. He writes: "There can be no doubt whatever that the Actors' Equity Association won a complete victory in that it gained the recognition previously denied it, as well as a form of contract for the actors even exceeding the conditions originally demanded. Reports in the newspapers that the Equity Association was either disappointed or disgruntled over the results are not based upon fact. There was a natural desire upon the part of a few explosive members to question the results in order to make assurance doubly sure; but, so far as I can learn, both they and the general membership are completely satisfied. A temperamental class, we enjoyed the fight and found it more exhilarating than the peaceful calm that suddenly ensued with a return to theatrical humdrum. This is only natural. But the

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fact remains that all are agreed that our officers did a splendid piece of work and achieved a full victory.

"The contention of the managers in regard to the outcome is in vain. They claim a victory in that they rescued the theater (which means their theater) from the dreaded closed shop. The 'closed shop' was a man of straw, a blind to the press and the public, emphasized repeatedly despite the express statements of the Equity officials and labor leaders that it was not asked nor even contemplated. It worked pretty well, however, to save the face of defeat."

Mr. Hampden is vitally concerned not only with the economic side of the recent strike, but also with its bearing upon the artistic future of the stage. He admits that the actual ground of battle for the recent strike was economic, but he foresees this economic skirmish as the forerunner of a high artistic crusade. He declares that there exists among actors a real unrest due to constraint by the present theatrical system upon artistic aspiration, and voices the feeling that while this constraint was not made an issue during the recent strike it played a very real part as a source of the unrest and the dissatisfaction behind the strike.

He concludes his letter with the following prophecy and appeal: "Among the unrecognized results of the strike are also certain moral values of significance and latent power. The association with federated labor has developed a mass sense among actors which may lead, under proper direction, to important things for the theater as an art, and furthermore prove to be a democratic leavening making for new life in a grand old institution sensible of its service to the public and of its educational influence. We actors have gained much materially and spiritually from labor, and can repay it by remaining true to its inspiring ideals (not its frequent sordid expressions) and by transmitting its powerful energies into higher channels so that a new and vital theater may be born, embodying the ideas and ideals of a revitalized democracy founded upon justice and human brotherhood expressed in new forms intimately connected with and clearly revealing the life of all the people of this land. Time is needed for this finer realization, but the affiliation with federated labor may well prove to be the first step toward it."

It is devoutly to be wished that Mr. Hampden's ideals may be realized.

A PRINTERS' STRIKE

The strike fever, which is seriously affecting the industrial temperature and health of the entire country, has now reached the printing trade. Not long after this issue reaches our readers The Outlook may be seriously hampered in manufacturing its editions. The local unions in New York City, which include both typesetters and pressmen, have made an official demand upon the employing printers, the chief features of which are an increase in wages which would amount to about sixty per cent, a forty-four-hour week in place of the forty-eight-hour week now prevailing in the trade, and a peremptory refusal to submit the controversy to arbitration. The Outlook maintains its own composing room, but it is printed by contract at one of the large printing establishments in this city which employs both a night and a day force. What the closing down of this and all other similar establishments in New York would mean to the publishers of all periodicals printed in this city can easily be imagined.

As is usual in such labor controversies, there are elements of both justice and injustice in the working printers' demands. There probably should be an increase in the wage scale to meet present conditions, but sixty per cent is absolutely prohibitive, for in some cases it would mean bankruptcy. This is especially true because during the past two years an increase in certain wage scales of sixty-seven per cent has already been granted by the employing printers. The employing printers, as a rule, recognize the propriety of the forty-four-hour week, and are willing to adopt it in eighteen months from this time, but say that it cannot be introduced now because of the competition of printing establishments in various parts of the country outside of the city of New York which still work upon a forty-eight-hour basis. The employers ask, therefore, for sufficient time to make the necessary adjustments. For these reasons they propose that the whole controversy should be arbitrated. The local unions, however, up to the present have bluntly refused arbitration. In this refusal lies the great injustice of the situation. For many years The Outlook has insisted that fair, open, and honorable arbitration, with loyal adherence both by employers and employees to agreements made under arbitration, is the very foundation of industrial democracy.

What the outcome of this struggle will be it is impossible now to say, but we think our readers are entitled to know what the situation is.

JOHN MITCHELL

The labor world has lost in the death of John Mitchell a wise as well as a forceful leader. A thorough believer in the labor union, an urgent advocate of collective bargaining for the workingman even at a time when that principle was first beginning to be understood, and a firm administrator and organizer, Mr. Mitchell was remarkably free from the ranting and the violent rhetorical appeal which in the case of many labor leaders have injured their cause. A writer in The Outlook a few years after the settlement by President Roosevelt's commission of the miners' strike of 1902, in referring to a conference held between the railway presidents and the miners' leaders at President Roosevelt's initiative, said: "In this interview every one lost his temper except Mitchell, who was the most bitterly assailed and the quietest and most dignified man in the room. After the conference President Roosevelt said: 'There was only one man in the room who behaved like a gentleman, and that man was not I.'"

The story illustrates Mr. Mitchell's self-control and calmness. In making practically successful the agreement between the employers and the miners in the great anthracite strike, Mitchell was an influence for concession, compromise, and at the same time essential justice. It was largely due to him that the plan of agreements for a term of three years between the two elements has been carried out, not without difficulty and some industrial crises, but, on the whole, with effectiveness.

When the National Civic Federation came into existence with the purpose of furthering mutual understanding between capital and labor, John Mitchell was naturally selected as one of the representatives of labor because of his ability and fair-mindedness. The time came when it was necessary for him to choose between continuing in this work and devoting his whole time and effort to the United Mine Workers. The latter was really his life work, and he did not hesitate to decide in its favor. It has been said truly of Mr. Mitchell that he was intolerant of lawlessness. Our impression is that he rarely favored sympathetic strikes, and it is certain that he had nothing to do with that extreme radicalism which has found its expression in the I. W. W. and the theories of Bolshevism.

In the best sense of the word, John Mitchell was a self-educated man. He began manual labor at an early age, but from the time he was ten years old he studied nights. He was only thirteen years old when he became a "door boy" in the coal mines. He read continuously, and made in particular a thorough study of political economy and industrial history. His first organization work was done in connection with the Knights of Labor, and for a time he was president of that organization in his district. When the United Mine Workers of America came into existence as a labor organization, Mitchell was one of the first in his

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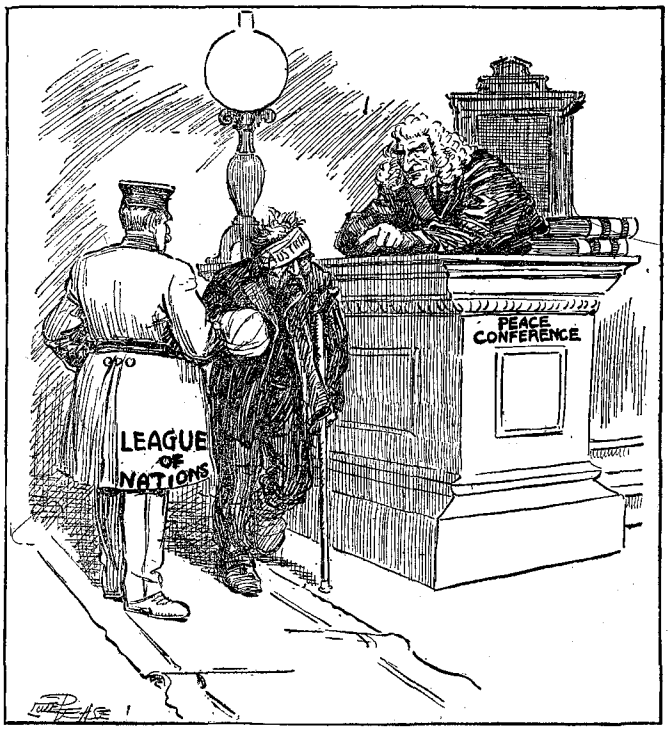
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

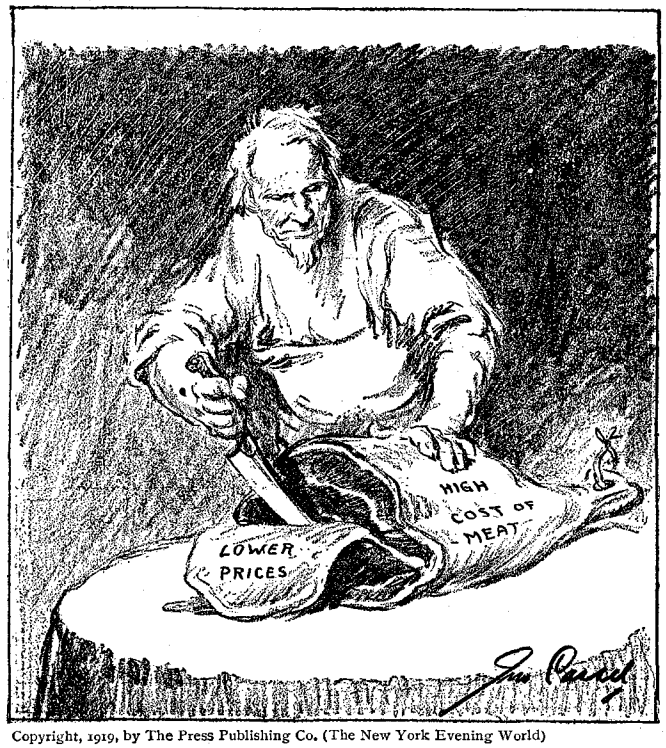
Pease in the Newark Evening News



"Paroled in custody of the officer"

SETTLING AUSTRIA'S CASE

Cassel in the New York Evening World



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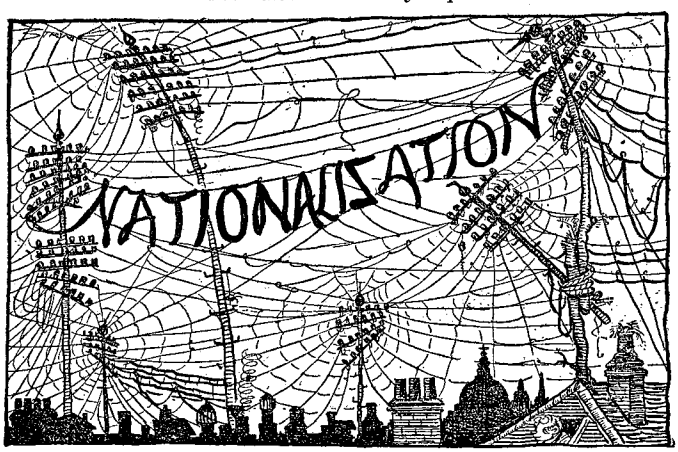
A FAVORITE CUT!

Morris in the Sioux Falls Press

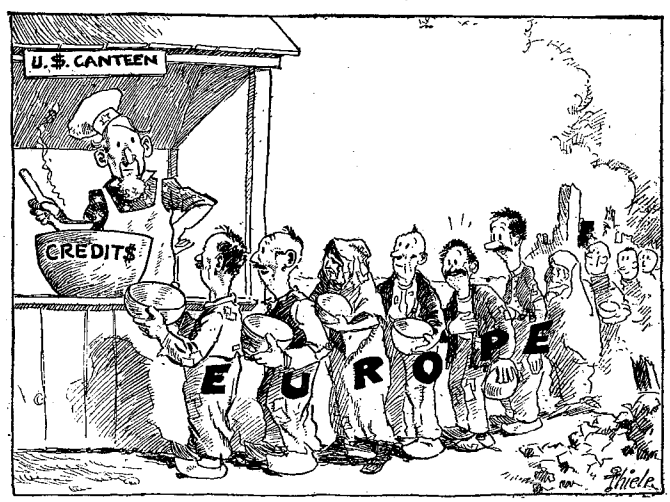
SPITING HIMSELF

From the London Daily Express



THE TANGLE THAT THE LABORITES' PROGRAMME WILL BRING ABOUT

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



MR. HOOVER'S "LEAGUE OF RATIONS"

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district to be enrolled. He was an officer for many years of the American Federation of Labor. He both lectured and wrote on labor topics. An honor unique in character was that which the miners spontaneously bestowed upon him after the settlement of the great strike, by celebrating every year the anniversary of the settlement under the title John Mitchell Day.

Emphatically, John Mitchell was an advocate of industrial democracy. He regarded industrial war as excusable only when every attempt at conciliation and arbitration had failed.

A TYPICAL BRITISH TAR

Seventy-three years old, one of the best-known British Navy men has "gone west." A typical tar—bluff, hale, hearty—was Charles Beresford.

His life sparkled with caustic wit and humor, as befitted his Irish birth. Witness the despatch he once sent to Edward VII declining a royal invitation to dinner and adding: "Lie follows by post." Another dinner story concerned Queen Victoria and the Jubilee review of 1897. For the information of Lady Beresford on shore, her husband flew signals which read: "Can't be home to dinner." These being read to the Queen were interpreted by her as an affront. She immediately sent a message to Beresford that he "might go home to dinner immediately."

Like that of Lord Roberts, Admiral Beresford's life was devoted to the endeavor to increase British defense. Both men were often condemned by current opinion as alarmists. But that made no difference to either. Lord Charles's career as a critic began a generation ago when he resigned his post at the Admiralty because he could not persuade his superiors of the need for enlargement of the navy and especially for the replacement of antiquated vessels by more modern types. The later naval expansion abundantly justified his attitude.

Admiral Beresford's life covers the period of development from a wooden to a steel navy. When he entered the service Britain's sea walls were of wood, and his memoirs divulge his opinion of the first iron ship to which he was assigned—"a slovenly, unhandy tin kettle." He distinguished himself in the Egyptian wars. He commanded the gunboat Condor at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882 and eventually silenced one of the forts. This brought the signal "Well done, Condor," from Admiral Seymour, a motto ever after bound up with Beresford's name. Later he was commander of the Naval Brigade with the army which tried to relieve Gordon at Khartum. His last command as Admiral was that of the Channel Fleet, and this was distinguished by his quarrel with Lord Fisher, then First Lord of the Admiralty. There were not lacking those who declared that both Admirals should be retired forthwith.

Yet, all in all, English life has been much spicier because of the opinions of such typical tars.

ADMIRAL SIMS ON THE NAVAL VICTORY

"When Germany was Winning the War" is the title that Admiral Sims gives to the first of his series of articles in "The World's Work." His picture of the danger in 1917 of the Allies losing the war through Germany's success in her submarine campaign is startling. In the next article he will, we assume, explain how that danger was averted. The part played in the victory at sea by the American destroyers and other war vessels was evidently of capital importance in view of the condition of things when America entered the war.

Admiral Sims went to England with the feeling that the sea power "rested practically unchallenged in the hands of the Allies." But the British Admiralty gave him facts and figures which had been kept secret. "These documents disclosed the astounding fact that Germany was winning the war, and winning it at a rate that meant the unconditional surrender of the British Empire in four or five months." Admiral Jellicoe told him that 603,000 tons of shipping, British and neutral, were sunk in March, and that the estimate for April was nearly 900,000 tons. Admiral Jellicoe in conclusion remarked, "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue." Members of the British Cabinet confirmed this view of the seriousness of the situation, and it was estimated that the limit of endurance would be reached by November 1, 1917. Admiral Sims quotes Mr. Balfour as saying to him later: "The submarines were constantly on my mind. I could think of nothing but the number of ships they were sinking. At that time it certainly looked as though we were going to lose the war." Only Lloyd George was continuously optimistic and cheerful about the submarine situation.

The danger point lay in the fact that Great Britain must obtain food and raw material from abroad, and to this the increasing destruction of shipping was a terrible threat; it is said that in April, 1917, England had food enough on hand for only six or eight weeks. The submarines were not being destroyed faster than they were built. The public ideas on this subject were entirely erroneous.

It was under these circumstances that Admiral Sims, in his despatches to Washington, repeatedly sent such reports as the following: "The situation at present is exceedingly grave. If sufficient United States naval forces can be thrown into the balance at the present critical time and place, there is little doubt that early success will be assured. Briefly stated, I consider that at the present moment we are losing the war." Ambassador Page and Mr. Balfour sent despatches of similar tenor; one of Mr. Page's urgent despatches is described by Admiral Sims as one of the great documents of the war. All these messages urged that the United States should instantly send all its destroyers and other light craft to Queenstown, "the vital spot in the submarine campaign." Says Admiral Sims: "The fact is that no nation was ever placed in so tragical a position as Great Britain in the spring and early summer of 1917. And I think that history records few spectacles more heroic than that of the British navy, fighting this hideous and cowardly form of warfare in half a dozen places with pitifully inadequate forces, but with an undaunted spirit that remained firm even against the fearful odds which I have described. What an opportunity for America!"

THE SUBMARINE WARFARE

In the course of his article Admiral Sims corrects some general misapprehensions about the German submarine methods. It is surprising to know that instead of "submarines in shoals" there were seldom more than eight or ten submarines operating in the very large field from the north of Ireland to Brest, never more than fifteen. The Germans could keep only ten or a dozen submarines out of each hundred they had actually at work in the open sea. Admiral Sims says that if instead of this they could have had fifty submarines constantly at work on the shipping routes in the winter and spring of 1917 nothing could have prevented Germany from sinking two or three million tons a month and winning the war. Thus Germany's boasted foresight and efficiency were at fault in not providing a really large number of submarines.

Another interesting statement is that the Germans unquestionably attacked hospital ships systematically for the purpose of forcing the Allies to convoy the hospital ships by destroyers, thus reducing the number of destroyers hunting submarines. The British Admiralty, it appears, had wonderfully accurate information about the German submarines so far as knowing when they left the German ports and in what waters they were cruising. Of course this did not mean that it was easy to catch the

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submarines, for their mobility was immense.

We are told that the belief that the U-boat had bases off the Irish and Spanish coasts was unfounded, and that the cruising period of a submarine did not depend, as most people suppose, upon its supplies of food and fuel, but on its supply of torpedoes.

It is evident from Admiral Sims's account that the one thing most needed to secure naval victory for the Allies was reinforcement in the matter of destroyers and submarine chasers. The British navy had a great many, but it was necessary all the while to use many of them with the Grand Fleet and to convoy hospital ships and trading vessels. It is a simple, definite fact that American aid in this direction was of such value as to turn the tide.

A FRIEND OF THE AFRICAN NATIVE

Those who have read Hopkinson Smith's "Armchair at the Inn" will recall the prominence of one "Herbert." In real life he was Herbert Ward, who has just died at a comparatively early age.

Yet his life was fuller than are the lives of most men. He began his travels when he was fifteen years old, and had been three times around the world before he was twenty-one. His wanderings in New Zealand, Australia, and Borneo whetted his appetite for something more vivid and led him to Central Africa, where he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. While in the Congo he heard of Stanley's arrival, and, knowing that he needed men to carry loads, collected some four hundred men and joined him on his journey. More than Stanley, Ward entered into the lives of the natives; he once said of them:

> My sympathy, which was with them at the commencement, ripened with time. They appealed strongly to me by reason of their simplicity and directness, their lack of scheming or plotting, and by the spontaneity of everything they did. Hence my efforts to learn their language in order that I might know them better.

Herbert Ward not only wrote books like "A Voice from the Congo" about these natives, but he made crayon sketches of them and then began to express them in sculpture. No one but he, so far as we know, has put into bronze the soul of the African natives—a long persecuted race of another color and often incomprehensible to us. Who can see his heroic naked figures without realizing as in no other way the misery, shame, and despair of those natives?

At the beginning of the war Mr. Ward voluntarily gave his splendid property at Rolleboise on the Seine for hospital use, and later helped to direct an English ambulance corps operating with the French. His health was completely wrecked by the injuries he received and the hardships he endured in the Vosges and elsewhere, and his death was the direct result.

Not only the world of art but the world of humanity is a great deal better because Herbert Ward lived in it.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS FOR DEMOCRACY

There are two Christian colleges in the Near East among others—one, Robert College, in Constantinople, established under Congregational auspices; the other, the Syrian Protestant College, in Beirut, Syria, established under Presbyterian auspices.

Neither of these colleges has been established or is maintained for the purpose of making proselytes. They are Christian colleges in the same sense in which Princeton and Yale are Christian colleges. It is the spirit of Christ which has inspired their organization and inspires those who are carrying them on; but their purpose is simply to give to students of all classes and all faiths the best possible education. One essential element in the Christian spirit is religious liberty, or the recognition of the right of every man to his own spiritual faith, and this spirit pervades these two colleges. It is this fact which enabled them to go on with their work throughout the world war in spite of the race and religious prejudices which that war at least temporarily intensified. We believe that there has been little or no falling off in the number of students in attendance; but there has been a falling off in funds and a difficulty in maintaining the necessary number of instructors. The spirit of the colleges is illustrated by one or two incidents in the graduation exercises of the Beirut college. In the graduation exercises of the school for nurses connected with the Beirut medical department the address was given by Dr. Shahbenda, a Moslem graduate of Damascus, a progressive man who was proscribed during the war, but managed to escape to Egypt though a large price was put on his head by the Turks. In the graduation exercises of the preparatory department the address was given by Dr. Shahadi, a graduate of the college and an American citizen of Providence, Rhode Island. Moslem women attended these exercises, some of them unveiled, a practice which Moslem women in increasing numbers are adopting.

The two colleges have wisely combined in an appeal to the American people for the necessary means to continue their beneficent work. Further information respecting this plan can be obtained by addressing Executive Secretary, Room 505, 18 East Forty-first Street, New York City.

THE BOSTON STRIKE

THE State of Massachusetts and the city of Boston have faced and met a situation of unprecedented menace, and they have met it with high courage and a firm grasp of those fundamental principles without which government by the people must perish from the earth. The strike of the Boston police force is described by a staff correspondent of The Outlook on another page. It will be sufficient if we state here our conception of the issues involved.

We believe in industrial democracy.

We believe in the right of collective bargaining.

We believe in the right of every man and woman to a living wage and decent conditions of work.

But we emphatically believe that no citizen who has entered the service of the State as a guardian of public safety has any right, moral or legal, to turn over to thugs and criminals the community intrusted to him for protection, as a means of remedying the conditions of his employment. Policemen occupy the position of sentries on the battle line between civilization and barbarism. If they depart from such a post of duty, they merit the reprobation meted out to those who desert from the military service in time of war.

Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts and Commissioner Curtis of Boston have declared that the striking policemen of Boston are to be treated as deserters and never to be permitted to re-enter the service of the city which they abandoned to disorder. For the sake not only of Boston but of the fundamental structure of our Government we hope that nothing will ever induce the public authorities of Massachusetts to recede from this position. The issues involved in the Boston strike, wherever they arise, "must be fought out on this line if it takes all summer."

IF HOGS, WHY NOT CHILDREN?

WE are convinced that the time has come when the National Government should extend to education the same help which it has already extended to agriculture and highway improvement. Certainly if it is important and necessary for the National Government, through a system of county agents, to lend its aid to the production of better hogs, it ought to do at least as much to improve its boys and girls.

One of the most important bills now before Congress is the Smith-Towner Bill to create a Secretary and Department of Education and to aid in equalizing educational opportunities throughout the United States. This bill has been in-

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dorsed by the National Education Association, the American Federation of Labor, the American Federation of Teachers, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Congress of Mother and Parent-Teacher Associations, and the American Library Association.

It is worth while giving here a brief summary of the provisions of this bill.

The bill first provides for the creation of a Secretary of Education, with a place in the President's Cabinet, and the transfer to this Secretary of all the functions of the Bureau of Education now in the Department of the Interior. It provides an appropriation of $500,000 for the executive expenses of this new department.

The bill then provides, in order to encourage the States in the promotion and support of education, an annual sum of $100,000,000, this sum to be divided among the States for the following purposes:

Three-fortieths of this sum is to be used for the instruction of illiterates ten years of age and over. Three-fortieths of the sum is to be used to teach immigrants ten years of age and over to speak and read the English language and to understand and appreciate the spirit and purpose of the American Government.

One-half of the whole sum is to be used to encourage the States to equalize educational opportunities. Half of this $50,000,000 is to be apportioned to the several States in proportion to the number of children between the ages of six and twenty-one and half in accordance with the number of school-teachers employed in teaching positions within their limits.

The apportionment of any of this appropriation to any of the States is made conditional upon the requirement that the State shall maintain or possess "(*a*) a legal school term of at least twenty-four weeks in each year for the benefit of all children of school age in such State; (*b*) a compulsory school attendance law requiring all children between the ages of seven and fourteen to attend some school for at least twenty-four weeks in each year; (*c*) a law requiring that the English language shall be the basic language of instruction in the common-school branches in all schools, public and private."

A further apportionment of one-fifth of the total appropriation is to be made for encouraging physical education and instruction in the principles of health and sanitation and for providing school nurses and school dental clinics.

Three-twentieths of the sum authorized is to be used for the improvement of teachers already in service and the more adequate preparation of prospective teachers.

The bill provides, furthermore, that no State shall receive money from any one of the funds provided for in this bill unless a sum of equal size shall be provided by that State (or its local authorities) for this same purpose, and that the sum provided for such a purpose by that State shall not be less for any year than the amount provided for the same purpose for the fiscal year next preceding the acceptance of the provision of this bill.

Under this bill the Secretary of Education is wisely given no direct control over the expenditure of the moneys to be appropriated. He can only determine that it has been expended for the purposes intended, and that the requirements of the Federal Government have been fully met. No one can say that the bill takes the control of education out of the hands of the State authorities. It is a bill to aid and not control the educational facilities of the country.

The scheme of apportionment which has been worked out seems to us eminently fair and designed to equalize as far as possible the discrepancies of opportunity within the United States which have deprived so many of our citizens in the past from obtaining the education which should be the natural birthright of an American citizen.

How great these discrepancies have been was made clear during the recent war. No one who knows the figures which show the percentage of illiterates and un-Americanized foreigners within our gates can turn to this bill without the thought that perhaps here may be found the solution to one of the most pressing of our National problems.

We are not yet convinced that it is necessary to place in the Cabinet a Secretary of Education. It seems that if this bill is to be passed it might be well to amend it in so far as to make it provide for the expenditure of the moneys appropriated through an enlarged Bureau of Education within the Department of the Interior. The weight of opinion of those who testified before the recent Congressional hearing on this bill seems to be against us in taking this position, but we should look with considerable doubt upon any proposal further to increase the size of the Cabinet.

All those who are interested in this problem should write to their Congressmen and secure the full report of the joint hearings on this bill before the Committee on Education and Labor of the present Congress. The bill itself is published under the title "H. R. 7, 66th Congress, 1st Session."

NO BOLSHEVISM FOR BOSTON

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM BOSTON BY GREGORY MASON

WHEN the patrolmen of the police force of Boston went on strike and left the city at the mercy of irresponsible rowdies and professional criminals, for the first time in the history of the United States an American community was called upon to accept or resist the beginnings of soviet government. Do Americans wish to preserve their traditional democratic form of government, or is the United States ready for Bolshevism? It is because this clear-cut issue has arisen in Boston that the strike of Boston policemen is of National importance and has even attracted international attention.

This became the real issue in Boston the moment the striking policemen abandoned their posts of duty. From that moment the public opinion of Boston turned against the patrolmen, because the great mass of the citizens of the Massachusetts capital feel that, however serious his grievances may be, the patrolman who deserts the duty he has sworn to perform and thereby endangers the lives and property he has taken oath to protect is on a level with a deserter from the army.

Up to the time when the members of the Boston Patrolmen's Union cast their almost unanimous vote to strike, the sympathy of the public was with the policemen in their demand for the redressal of a number of grievances. The more important of these grievances, as summarized in a public statement by Patrolman John F. McInnes, President of the Policemen's Union, were long hours, low pay, unsanitary and uncomfortable conditions in the station-houses, and a disregard by the Police Commissioner of the outcome of competitive examinations for promotion. Mr. McInnes sets forth that "day men" were working seventy-three hours a week, "night men" eighty-three hours a week, and "wagon men" ninety-eight hours a week. In their first year of service these men received $21.09 a week; in their second year, $23.01 a week; in their third year, $23.93 a week; in their fourth year, $26.85; in their fifth, $28.77; and in their sixth year, $30.68. And out of these slender wages the men were forced to buy their own uniforms and equipment.

Bad housing conditions were a prominent grievance. The patrolmen declared that many station-houses were infested with vermin, which got into the clothing of the men and were carried to their

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homes when the policemen went back to their families. Inadequate toilet facilities were also mentioned, and it was pointed out that in one station-house there was but one bathtub for 135 men.

It was when the patrolmen sought to redress their grievances by affiliating themselves with the American Federation of Labor that the trouble began. Apparently all the authorities were willing to meet more than half way the men's demands for better conditions of living; but they denied the right of the city's police to organize as private employees organize, and then to link their organization with the American Federation of Labor.

The police organization of Boston is peculiar. Boston has departed from the example of many other American cities in which the ultimate authority over police affairs is vested in the Mayor. In Boston this authority is in the hands of a Police Commissioner, who is appointed by the Governor of the State and is responsible to him. This was done, no doubt, in order that police affairs might be removed from municipal politics. But this strike has proved that there are great disadvantages in a system whereby the head of a city's government has no control over the sworn defenders of the city's safety.

The crisis in Boston was precipitated when the Police Commissioner, Mr. Edwin U. Curtis, suspended from the force the nineteen officers of the Policemen's Union for violation of section 19 of chapter 35 of the police rules and regulations, which forbids policemen as a body to affiliate with any outside organization. By an almost unanimous vote the policemen decided to "walk out" as a protest against this action of the Commissioner. Be it noted that only patrolmen are members of this union. Sergeants, lieutenants, and captains of the force, under the leadership of Superintendent Crowley, have remained on duty, patriotically doing their best to recreate order out of the chaos created in Boston by the defection of patrolmen.

When the strike began, representatives of the union had been in conference with a committee of citizens appointed by the Mayor to see if some compromise could not be reached. The policemen were willing to agree that if the authorities would recognize their union they would never take part in a sympathetic strike. Commissioner Curtis, however, was adamantine in his refusal to tolerate any connection between the policemen's union and organized labor.

The policemen left their duty on the afternoon of September 9. At once Boston was plunged into anarchy. Large groups of hoodlums, who had been waiting for this opportunity, surged through the city streets, looting shops and making life unsafe for orderly citizens. With the rowdies was a sprinkling of professional crooks who organized "crap" games and won large sums from the rowdies whose wealth exceeded their discretion. "Crap" shooting is usually a game of small stakes, but in Boston stakes ran high. One man who entered one of the "crap" games which flourished on the Boston Common during the first three days of the strike won $1,700 in a few hours. That first night demonstrated that the emergency police gathered together by Commissioner Curtis were altogether unable to cope with the situation, and the next day Mayor Peters intervened. The law gives the Mayor of Boston authority to call out all the State Guard who happen to be quartered within the city. Four regiments were within this category and responded to the Mayor's call. The forces of disorder which had captured the city did not give up without a struggle, and for more than twenty-four hours Boston was the scene of deeds common enough in the cities of Russia, but perhaps never before paralleled in the sober Massachusetts capital. Gangs of rowdies pursued women, destroyed property, and fought pitched battles with the State Guardsmen.

So serious was the situation that on the following day, September 11, Governor Coolidge called out more units of the State militia and himself took the situation in hand. With the arrival of the reinforcements summoned by the Governor rowdyism waned. But as this is written Boston still has the appearance of an armed camp. Citizens in business clothes, with white handkerchiefs tied around their left arms or white bands around their hats, stand at street corners directing traffic, and fully armed soldiers patrol the sidewalks. If a pedestrian lingers for a second to observe something in a shop window, he is approached by a Guardsman who tells him in a gruff voice to "move on." At present there are seven times as many men performing police duty in Boston as in ordinary times. The result of this heavy policing is that disorder has been cut down to about seven per cent of normal. On Sunday, the 14th, there were only twenty-nine arrests in the six police districts in the center of Boston, which usually have about four hundred arrests on Sundays.

Unless a general strike is called by the Central Labor Union, the governing body of the Boston unions in the American Federation of Labor, the city apparently has no need to fear any further anarchy. As this is written indications are that there will be no general strike. Public opinion in Boston is overwhelmingly against the patrolmen who deserted their posts and left the city a mark for anarchy and mob lust, and organized labor would hesitate to disregard this public opinion. In the ranks of the labor organizations themselves, indeed, there is a good deal of feeling that the policemen's strike was unwise, and there is even some feeling that it was ethically wrong. The unions of Boston have thus far shown little inclination to strike out of sympathy for the patrolmen. Before a general strike can be called each union must vote on this question separately. The result of the vote is then carried before the Executive Committee of the Central Labor Union. But no union may be called out except by vote of its own members and the concurring decision of the Central Labor Union.

Even if a general strike should be called, however, Boston is ready. A great deal has already been accomplished toward preparing temporary organizations to take the place of any regular organizations which may try to cripple the city by striking. Reserve forces of non-union firemen, telephone operators, motormen, and other workers in service of a public or quasi-public nature are being formed.

The Boston public, of course, is interested in placing the responsibility for the exposure of the city to mob violence. While the patrolmen are almost universally condemned for leaving their posts, there is a good deal of feeling that Commissioner Curtis deserves censure for not having prepared a more adequate force of reserve police. The Mayor is also blamed by some citizens for not having called out the militia under his command the instant the strike was declared. Although the Mayor may deserve some blame, to the majority of Bostonians it seems that a larger share would properly fall on the shoulders of the Commissioner. It is known that the Commissioner assured the Mayor that he had the situation well in hand at the beginning of the strike. However much Bostonians may be interested in apportioning the blame among individual officials, one important conclusion seems inevitable: The peculiar form of organization by which responsibility for police affairs is distributed in Boston is undesirable. The ultimate authority for the management of a city's police should be in the hands of a man responsible directly to the city government.

From the National point of view, however, there is an even more important conclusion than this to be drawn from the Boston police strike. This is that America will not yet tolerate government by soviet. If the Boston policemen win their fight, we may expect strikes by the police of other cities all over the country. If we have strikes by police, we may have strikes by soldiers and sailors, as the example of Russia proves; and that way Bolshevism lies. The people of Boston do not want soviet rule. They prefer the traditional forms of democratic government which have been handed down to them from their fathers, and they are aware that the eyes of the Nation are on them and that Americans from Maine to California are ardently hoping that Boston will not give in to Bolshevism.

Intelligent citizens all over the United States have read with unqualified approval President Wilson's statement: "A strike of the policemen of a great city, leaving that city at the mercy of an army of thugs, is a crime against civilization. . . . The obligation of a policeman is as sacred and direct as the obligation of a soldier. He is a public servant, not a private employee, and the whole honor of the community is in his hands. He has no right to prefer any private advantage to the public safety."

Boston, Massachusetts, September 15, 1919.

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

We begin this week a new feature of The Outlook. It will consist of a series of twenty or more articles which, we believe, will be of vital importance to teachers and to all others interested in the study of civics and the development of citizenship. These articles, contributed by representative teachers of the New York High Schools, will cover and parallel the new course in Community Civics now being conducted as a requirement in the High Schools of New York City—a course which marks the most notable advance in the building of intelligent citizenship that has been made in the American public school system in many years.

This week the purpose and scope of the plan are described in the following article by Dr. Tildsley, of the New York Department of Education, with an introduction by Mr. Frank A. Rexford, Assisting Supervisor of Civics. Next week there will be published the first article of the series, "The City's Water Supply," by J. Lewis Stockton, of Erasmus Hall High School.

This new course in the New York City High Schools is indicative of an important change in educational methods. The old way was to teach the *theory* of government from text-books. The new way is to teach the *practice* of government from its actual operation.—THE EDITORS.

WHAT GOVERNMENT DOES FOR THE CITIZEN

BY JOHN L. TILDSLEY, PH.D.

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT IN CHARGE OF NEW YORK CITY HIGH SCHOOLS

INTRODUCTION

This Government of ours was founded in the idea that all men are created free and equal and should remain so. The framers of the Constitution considered education desirable, even necessary, in order that our Representatives might be able to hold their heads up in society. John Adams, in a letter to his wife, said, "Our people must be trained in philosophy, art, and address." It was clearly his idea that in dealing with other Governments we should be represented by men of polish and refinement. At that time the average citizen's active contribution to governmental affairs was made on election day or town-meeting day, after which he returned to the fields, the shop, or the forge to indulge in the immediate business of earning a living. Education was not for the many; it was an accomplishment intended to produce scholars and statesmen.

Time and events tell us that in a great country like ours average citizens are in the majority and that if our Government is to be all that we hope for it there must be active participation by all the people all the time.

Curricula in the schools have changed in the last few years. The theoretical topics of our elementary and secondary schools are gradually yielding to the useful, practical topics of every-day life. The long partial-payment problems, the intricate clock examples, have scant space, if any, in our arithmetics of to-day; the history which formerly concerned itself mainly with a succession of dates and battles has given way to an unfolding progressive history of cause and effect in relation to political development; our technical, theoretical science is steadily bending toward a science which deals with the problems of life with which the majority will come in contact. And so with civics, we are going to desert the purely structural type of presentation and turn our attention to the teaching of functions of government—what the government does for the individual and what the individual as a part of the government should be responsible for as his part. We shall not disturb ourselves so much concerning the salary of the Mayor, the eligibility qualifications for Senators, and committing to memory the Constitution for high school students as we shall concerning the topics which come directly home to the individual, such as Guarding the Health of the People, Protection of Life and Property, and How the Government Cares for Defectives, Delinquents, and the Destitute.

We need scholars and statesmen. The colleges will always have a few in training; but let us impress the fact that we most of all at the present time and from now on must have a more active, a more constructive, citizenry. We as citizens *are* the government, and, regardless of the number of political leaders at hand, the government is and will be what the citizens make it.

The predominating theme in the civics articles which are about to be offered to the readers of The Outlook is *Individual Responsibility*. If a commendable piece of governmental work is being accomplished, it is up to the individual to know it and appreciate it; if a nuisance is being committed, a shrug of the shoulders is not sufficient; we must do something.

There is no need for going into explanatory detail about the civics papers. Each will explain itself. I do wish to take this opportunity, however, to express appreciation to the teachers who have given their vacation and their thought so unselfishly in order that these studies might be ready for the schools at the opening of school.

Dr. John L. Tildsley, Associate Superintendent in charge of High Schools in New York City, has been interested in the teaching of civics for several years. His paper which follows admirably describes the methods we are employing in teaching this subject.

FRANK A. REXFORD,
Assisting in Supervision of Civics,
Board of Education of the City of New York.

WE are constantly reminded of the ever-mounting cost of government in New York City and in other great cities of this country. Especially in the months preceding election we are told that the budget of New York City has more than doubled in the past twenty years. When we learn that the cost of running the government of the city of New York for the present year amounts to some $248,000,000, we stand appalled and are wont to complain of the extravagance and even to hint at the dishonesty of our city officials. The party orators of the outs take great pains to bring to our attention the cost of the city government. It seems to be no one's business to bring as forcibly to our attention the ever-enlarging services rendered to the citizen by that government. The growth of these governmental activities has been so gradual, the advertising genius of those in charge so lacking, that the great body of citizens have become habituated to a system upon which their comfort and happiness are absolutely dependent without realizing that the guiding force that so largely makes possible their well-being is the city administration which they so commonly scold, so seldom praise.

I believe it was "Sunset" Cox who vainly tried to convince a Republican Congress of the iniquities of a protective tariff by showing that from the time the voter arose in the morning till he went to bed at night at every step he paid tribute to the beneficiaries of the tariff, that even when worn out with this lifelong struggle he slept his last sleep in a coffin taxed forty per cent ad valorem. Let us spend a day with a voter in New York City with our attention focused, not on the pains of paying taxes, but on the pleasures of enjoying the benefits which are made possible by those taxes.

Jones is the average New Yorker. He lives in a flat of six rooms. When he arises

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in the morning, he washes with clear water brought a hundred miles and furnished in unlimited quantities to himself and his family for drinking, cooking, bathing, and cleaning at a cost of less than ten dollars a year, paid as part of his rent. He puts on clothing made in New York shops and safeguarded from disease germs by reason of the inspectors of the Health Department of the city and of the factory inspectors of the State. His wife cooks the breakfast with gas whose heating quality is assured by the city government and whose price is fixed by law. On the cereal she serves milk whose food quality is guaranteed by that same city government, whose inspectors have tested it, and she is free from the fear of typhoid because the Department of Health has inspected the cows, the barns, the receptacles, the containers, and even the clothing and persons of those who do the milking two hundred miles away and of those who do the bottling but a few miles distant. The hash is made from beef bearing the stamp of a Federal inspector as free from disease when killed, and further certified as fit for food when sold because of the inspection of the New York Board of Health. Even the butter and eggs, if they chance to have them, have been inspected by some officer of the law. After breakfast the refuse is sent to the basement to be removed without cost by the "White Wings" of the Department of Street-Cleaning and carried twenty miles for final disposal. The dishwater, instead of being thrown into the street, as I saw done only twenty years ago in a town in Germany, is carried by a city-built sewer to the river miles away.

The father goes to his work on one of the subways which are costing the city of New York an investment of over $350,000,000, and he pays a nickel fare fixed by law. He enters a factory and works in healthful conditions of light, air, and temperature, and is free from the danger of accident from unguarded machinery because of the joint action of State and city inspectors. He works at his task more free from care because he knows that if accidents come from other causes he is saved from destitution by the liability insurance which the State compels his employer to assume. He has little fear of fire because of the protective measures and the fire-fighting qualities of a most effective city fire department and of an abundant supply of water furnished under high pressure by a city department.

The mother sends the daughter of eight to a neighboring elementary school housed in a beautiful, fire-proof building, and does not dread the street crossings since at each there stands the kindly policeman to hold back the automobiles and trucks and lead the school-children over the dangerous crossing. She has little thought of the contagion of scarlet fever or diphtheria awaiting the child, for at each school a nurse from the Department of Health examines all suspicious cases reported as the result of the daily inspection of the class teacher.

A son of fourteen goes to the free public high school, which has a building, a curriculum, and a body of teachers equal to those of any private school in the land. The son of seventeen attends the free College of the City of New York; a daughter attends Hunter College, also supported by the city.

At three o'clock the daughter returns from the elementary school to play in a smoothly paved street, swept clean and washed down by the "White Wings," and at this hour kept free from vehicular traffic by a policeman so that the children may play in safety. The older daughter goes to a beautiful public library supported by the city, and the son hastens with his school team to play baseball in a city park.

In the evening the father and mother attend a free lecture in a school auditorium under the direction of the Bureau of Lectures, and the son and daughter go to a band concert in the park. At eleven o'clock they return to their flat built in conformity with the regulations of the Building Department. They climb stairs lighted throughout the night by order of the Tenement House Department, and they go to sleep in rooms adequately ventilated as the result of inspection by the same department and safeguarded from sewer gas as a result of plumbing installed in accordance with the requirements of the Building Department by plumbers who are licensed by this department.

If, notwithstanding all these precautions taken by the city government, sickness comes, the sick child is attended by a physician whose qualifications are attested by the State Government. It is given medicine prepared by a pharmacist licensed by the State. If the disease is dangerously contagious, or if the facilities for caring for the child are inadequate, it is removed to a hospital supported by the city and cared for by nurses and doctors furnished by the city government.

So it is that, if our city government costs much, it does much. Ceaselessly night and day it is at work, neither slumbering nor sleeping, but safeguarding the people committed to its charge. The activities of government have become so all-embracing that we have become immersed in them as in an atmosphere. For that very reason we fail to recognize them, like the air, as an indispensable condition of our well-being. It becomes more apparent each year that in government we live and move and have our being.

Yet many of us are still under the spell of that saying, once pertinent, now forever dead, "That is the best government which governs least," a saying based on the conception of government as a restricting rather than an upbuilding agency, a conception of our boyhood when the policeman was the man whose business in life was to keep us from doing the very thing we wanted to do, whose appearance in the distance always evoked the cry, "Cheese it, the cop!" To-day the policeman is the smiling, kindly helper who makes it possible for us all to cross the crowded street, who tells us how to get to any place we name, who keeps the street free from traffic that the children may play.

It is time that the old conception of the police state should be banished from the minds of all. We are told that when the great Irish immigration came to this country in the forties the Irish were asked which party they proposed to support. They promptly inquired which party was running the Government, and when told the Whigs, they replied that they were "agin' the Government," and so became Democrats, and have remained Democrats to this day.

In these later days we have had a greater inpouring of alien elements from lands where government was in their minds an oppressing, not an uplifting, agency. Too often they have brought with them this conception and have retained it. They have been, they are, against the government. And they are not altogether to blame for this attitude. Government is always in a condition of becoming, a going on to be. It reflects public opinion, but at a distance, always lagging behind. To the leaders of public opinion at any given time it is always therefore a most imperfect agency, following feebly in the steps they have already trodden. Such men feel called upon to criticise it, to expose its shortcomings. Few of them feel called upon to go back a generation and look at government of to-day with the eyes of the reformers of a generation ago and thus see already realized the dreams of those reformers. They are too impatient for the realization of their own dreams of a more perfect day. To hasten that day they expose over-harshly the failings of the present and overlook the enormous progress within their own lifetime. So we have the race of muckrakers, men anxious for the right, but largely postponing the coming of the right by the tactics they employ. A few years ago they talked so much of graft among officers of corporations and city officials that graft came to be looked upon as a fashionable disease like the gout. To our own boys in the schools graft came to be viewed as a universal phenomenon. What everybody did must be right for them. Consequently the more the muckrakers thundered against graft the more difficult became the task of the New York schoolteacher to convince his boys that "honest graft" was not perfectly allowable if one could get away with it.

The unrestrained criticism of our government, especially of our city government, when not accompanied by a setting forth of the beneficent activities of that government, has tended to confirm our alien element in its conviction that government as at present established is more or less of an evil, possibly an unnecessary evil. During the years of war they have seen government as a restraining force, as a force constantly interfering with their liberty of action. There is all the more need at this time that government

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should be systematically presented to them as the constructive, positive, upbuilding force that it is. Comprehensive as have been the activities of government in the past, they are to be still more all-embracing in the immediate future. In all probability we shall soon have a great development of public markets, with prices regulated by city authorities, fuel depots under the city, possibly the prices of clothing and shoes regulated or determined as a result of governmental action. The problem of housing is so acute as to promise city promotion in the near future. Whether our transportation systems are to revert to private management is still unsettled. Without doubt they will never be returned to full private control.

With such radical changes in the sphere of government, city, State, National, it is time for most of us to revise our conceptions of the importance of government in our lives. Those of us who were reared in small towns or in the country hardly realized that government existed. Its manifestations for us were the post office, the school, and the more or less well-kept wagon road. The governing function was therefore an avocation for here and there a neighbor. One day our neighbor Reilly wore the brass buttons and the shield and the blue uniform, the next day there was an election, the next an issue of our paper with a triumphant Republican rooster chasing a bedraggled Democratic rooster toward Salt Creek, and the following week saw neighbor Smith with brass buttons and shield and neighbor Reilly returned to his work of making barrels. Then we forgot the existence of government for another year. In those days we prided ourselves on being citizens of a republic. We talked of our marvelous Constitution and we seemed to believe that we possessed a governmental machine with the secret of perpetual motion. In our high schools we studied a subject called civics, our text being chiefly the Constitution of the United States supplemented by a brief survey of the Constitution of the State. We rarely heard a word about our local government. We were taught that a good government was dependent upon the existence of good citizens. If we wished to become good machinists, we served an apprenticeship of three years in a machine shop. But a course of two periods a week for half a year in the study of the constitutions of the State and the Nation was the only direct, positive training we received to make us good citizens. And this training was given only to those few boys and girls who attained the later years of high school.

It was assumed that good citizenship comes as a by-product of any system of education, whereas all students of society have come to realize that good citizenship does not come in such a haphazard way, that good men and good citizens are not synonymous terms. Good citizens in large numbers can be produced only as the output of a system of education having well-defined aims and methods and consciously directed to the formation of certain habits and points of view and the creation of a body of knowledge in the student of the manner in which governmental activities function. Only this last year a close student of our legal and political institutions asked me to read the manuscript he had prepared to be used as a text-book in civics. He built the book on the thesis, "This is a government of laws, not of men," and aimed to teach through this book the framework of our government. I succeeded in convincing him that a government is what it does and what it aims to do; that it is what it is largely by reason of the particular individuals who administer the government at any particular time; that therefore the proper avenue of approach to the study of our American government is through the activities of the various units of that government.

I have spoken of the preparation for the duties of citizenship as it existed two generations ago. This condition is everywhere prevalent to-day. Few of our people have any adequate conception of the significance of government to them or a reasonable understanding of its workings, and our schools have been doing little to prepare a better-trained citizenry for the momentous tasks that are immediately before us.

In New York City we have some seven hundred thousand children in our schools, a large proportion of whom are of foreign birth or of foreign-born parentage. These voters of to-morrow must choose those who are to administer the city of to-morrow. They will themselves be administrators of that all-embracing, complicated organism which shall touch in the most intimate way every man, woman, and child in the community. If they are to be intelligent enough, skillful enough, they must be made so by the schools.

The educational authorities of New York City and of New York State have taken up this problem of training for citizenship as one of the pressing educational problems before them, and have made a requirement that every student in the high schools must take during either the first or second year a course in civics equivalent to two hours a week for one year. In New York City the course for the present is given to all first-year students, and it is being taught on the lines indicated above. It is to be a study primarily of the services rendered by the city of New York to its people. Such a course has been given for some sixteen years in the High School of Commerce, but not previous to last year in the other schools.

Upon the introduction of this work in the schools this past year the Board of Superintendents found itself confronted with two great lacks. One was the lack of men and women to teach the boys and girls what the city of New York is doing for them. For who is there who knows the operations of this mighty machine—the municipal administration of the city of New York, with its multitudinous activities and its great number of employees? Possibly Mr. Joseph Hoag, Secretary of the Board of Estimate, would be qualified. The second need was that of a text-book. The nearest approach was the "Municipal Year Book," but no issue of that has been published since 1916. I have said that a city government is a going on to be. It is always changing, working toward an ever-advancing ideal of efficiency. It was well, therefore, that there was no text-book for the study of the government of New York, for it would necessarily have been antiquated when first its pages were opened.

With no trained teachers of government at hand, those teachers were selected who had a vital interest in the problems of city government and in the training of citizens, and were sent on a voyage of discovery among the city departments. Mr. Dorsey Hyde, Librarian of the Municipal Library, volunteered his services, equipped a room with the reports of the various departments of our municipal government and those of other cities and with the most recent books on municipal problems, and placed the room at the disposal of our teachers. Mr. Frank Rexford, of the Department of Education, who was assigned to help the teachers in the organization of the new course, secured the co-operation of Mr. Hylan. The Mayor manifested a keen interest in the work and directed the heads of the city departments to furnish to our teachers the reports and other publications of their departments and any other information desired. Among the publications that were sent to each of the twenty-five high schools were: the "City Record," the daily newspaper of the city government; "Municipal Reference Library Notes," "Code of Ordinances of New York City," "Summary of Laws and Ordinances," "Catskill Water," "Progress in New York City Administration," "Maintenance of Pavements," "The Dangerous House Fly," "Terminal Facilities in New York," "Fire Prevention Letter," "Teaching Citizenship with the Movies," "Over a Century of Health Administration in New York City," "Important Facts About Sewage Disposal," and the annual reports of the several departments.

We would soon have a far more effective public opinion if these publications of our city administration were commonly read by our citizens and made subjects of discussion for the various women's study clubs.

Conferences of teachers were addressed by William Jones, Supervising Inspector of the Tenement House Department, on the "Aims and Problems of the Tenement House Department;" by William O'Connor, of the Educational Division of the Fire Department, on "The Fire Department and the Community." Arrangements were made for a tenement-house inspector to take teachers on trips of investigation and for officers of the Fire Department to give illustrated lectures to the pupils in the schools.

It will probably be a surprise to the

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readers of The Outlook to learn that our city departments maintain educational departments which aim by means of illustrated lectures and exhibits to enlist the co-operation not only of the boys and girls in the schools but of the citizens generally in the work they are trying to do.

The establishing of this course in civics in our schools is an illustration of the great truth we are seeking to impress upon our boys and girls, that the very essence of good government is a spirit of co-operation between officials and citizens. With the limited time available for the study of the services of New York to its people it became necessary to make a selection of topics to be studied, to obtain information concerning these selected topics, and to suggest the best ways of teaching them. Therefore a Committee of high school teachers was formed, with Dr. A. C. Bryan, of the High School of Commerce, as chairman. This Committee has drawn up the best syllabus for the study of government in high schools yet produced. It is entitled "A Syllabus in the Government of New York City with State and Federal Relationship." This quotation from Abraham Lincoln, which is the heading of the first page, expresses the spirit of the enterprise: "I believe that a man should be proud of the city in which he lives and so live that his city will be proud that he lives in it." We believe that we in New York are citizens of no mean city, that if our people come to some realization of what the city is doing for them day by day they will be proud of the city, and that this pride will lead to such co-operation on their part in securing and perpetuating good government as to make the city proud of them.

May I quote one paragraph from the syllabus:

"The aim of the course is citizenship, not information. In proportion, then, as you make the pupil realize that he is a citizen (not going to be one), that he is to-day one who is as vitally concerned in most civic problems as he ever will be, that he needs to know to-day how city functions should be performed and whether they are so performed, that he has civic duties to-day which he must do and soon will have new ones which he must now learn about—in proportion as you guide the young citizen into knowledge of his own city and into performance of his own duty you will have taught the course well. Many of our pupils hold the inherited idea that government is something apart from and antagonistic to the people. We must build up the idea that in this country the government belongs to the people and that sympathy and co-operation in accomplishing public aims are essential to good government. Criticism of public officials should, therefore, be responsible and well considered."

Some specific aims of the course as laid down by the Committee are:

(1) To train the pupil to observe more carefully and to understand more clearly organized government in New York City.

(2) To enable the individual to think straight on civic problems.

(3) To arouse an interest in our own community affairs and instill an appreciation of the benefits accruing to the individual through community action.

(4) To create in the pupil a desire not merely to reciprocate by fulfilling his obligation to the community, but to give ever the last full measure of devotion.

(5) To inculcate American ideals.

The test of the success of the course is whether civic knowledge shall be converted into civic conduct. To illustrate: Some fifteen years ago, when we were teaching what we called "Municipal Activities" to first-year boys in the High School of Commerce, a boy said to me one day: "The painters came to our flat to-day and began to put the new paper over the old; but I told them, 'You can't do that. You must take off the old paper before you put on the new. That is in the Tenement House Code which we study at school.' And I made them take off the old paper and clean the walls before they put on the new." Such application of the teachings of the school makes for even better government than the Englishman's writing a letter to the "Times."

In the syllabus we find, after a full discussion of New York's water supply, the following questions for the pupils: "Are there any ways in which water is wasted in your neighborhood? Ask the janitor of your school and of your apartment house and a factory worker. Examine your own faucets to see whether any of them need a new washer. Go to the library and discover how much water New York City wasted last year and how much this cost the citizens."

Whether such a study of the activities of the local government permanently changes the habits of pupils may be questioned, but that it exerts a lasting influence upon those who teach it there can be no doubt. After several years of teaching this subject I find myself with a guilty feeling if I see in my own house or in any room over which I have jurisdiction a leaking faucet, and I carry scraps of paper for miles in my pocket rather than throw them into the street for the "White Wings" to sweep up.

The most pressing problem of all—namely, that of obtaining for our teachers exact knowledge of the operation of our municipal activities—is being solved through this same spirit of co-operation. One or more teachers in each of the high schools has volunteered to write an article on one of the topics of the syllabus. To do this he must visit the department, see it at work, interview members of its working force, read its reports, study the reports of similar departments in other cities of this or foreign lands, to the end that he may not only furnish an accurate, up-to-date account of the operation of the department he is studying, but tell his colleagues where the work is better done and make suggestions for new activities or the improvement of existing activities. To the writing of these articles some of our teachers have given a large part of their summer vacation.

And now The Outlook has joined our co-operative enterprise and is to publish these articles upon the way New York keeps house. Our teachers and pupils are not the only people in New York who need to know more of what we—that is, all of us together—are doing for ourselves. The readers of The Outlook will have greater faith in the effect upon public opinion of a well-thought-out law as they read, in the article on the "Regulation of Buildings:" "The general improvement in the character of tenement-house construction since 1901, when the Tenement House Law went into effect, is shown by the fact that although the law does not require the installation of baths, only three apartments out of a total of over five thousand apartments in the houses built in Manhattan in 1916 did not have a public bath."

They will see the road to further progress in the enforcement of law as they read, in "Protecting the Food of the City:" "We have good food laws in New York City. Sometimes you observe that they are not being enforced. If such is the case, do not just criticise the city. You are finding fault with yourself if you do. You are a part of the city of New York. Do something. . . . Remember the law says you are entitled to clean, fresh, wholesome food. See that your dealer keeps his store clean, that the food is not exposed to dirt and flies, that he does not sell adulterated or mishandled food. If he is careless about any of these things, make him understand that you know the law. Most likely he will then remedy conditions. If he does not, report him to the Department of Health. That is a citizen's responsibility."

We of the Department of Education will not count our training for citizenship a success unless we have impressed this lesson upon our youth, that whenever anything in the city goes wrong there is some one man, John Jones, who is responsible and who can remedy the wrong. If John Jones does not make good, there is some one who has the power to order John Jones to make good. This some one has an office to which the complaint should be sent. If no answer comes to the complaint, there is an appeal ultimately to the Mayor. Whenever anything goes wrong, do not growl, do not scold the government or the political party in power, but find John Jones. This is the beginning of good government.

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EDUCATIONAL BOLSHEVISM

BY C. H. WARD

I

OUR educational revolution occurred about 1890. Let us grant that there was an autocracy to be overthrown, and that it was a tyranny of the worst kind—the narrow classical curriculum of the New England colleges, a system of education that had fossilized since the days of Columbus. Let us grant that this antique institution did most basely "dominate" the secondary schools, throttling their usefulness and preventing that growth and adaptation which were necessary to the welfare of the Republic. We need not fear to describe this despotism in the blackest terms. It had to go. All honor to the leaders who put it in a dungeon and proclaimed liberty for a commonwealth of teachers and pupils.

Directly after this revolution our Bolshevism developed. The new-light educators have proved by experimentation that the "disciplinary" value of studies is an ancient superstition, and they would abolish those studies as eagerly as the Reds got rid of the military salute. College professors of long-tried ability would be proscribed as heartily by our new educators as ever the *bourgeoisie* were in Petrograd. Our educational Bolshevism is utterly self-confident; it has no fear of overturning in a day what the practical teachers have built up through centuries. Nor has it any respect for what teachers know about pupil nature; it tries to get rid of "practical" teachers. Yet it professes—and there can be no doubt that it really has—the highest aspirations for the welfare of our young people.

II

Our educational reformers center their efforts in the high schools. The colleges are impregnably aristocratic, the State universities insolently secure, and the grammar grades too weak to merit attack. The high school—"the people's college"—is the reformers' institution. It has grown into a very large and powerful organization (more than fourteen thousand schools) that recognizes no superior. And its influence is now being vastly augmented by the inclusion of the seventh and eighth grades. How dominating it has become was shown at a recent convocation of Middle West professors at Chicago, at which spokesmen from six of the great State universities testified to their despair at the product that was coming to them from the high schools. "Must we, then, resort to entrance examinations to keep out the ill-prepared?" queried the chairman. "In our State," answered one delegate, "that process would be illegal; for our University is merely a part of the State system, and we must honor the work done by the other part." No delegate could affirm that his own university had power to protect itself.

The high school has had to grow with the speed of a mushroom, and is excusable for not having acquired the strength of an oak. Receiving poorly prepared pupils from the grades, that are gasping under impossible burdens, it has had to try ever higher achievements with ever deteriorating material. Faster than a thousand teachers could be trained it has had to have ten thousand. Into this great new territory the pedagogists immigrated. Here they have made surveys, and here their good intentions have laid endless miles of cobblestones on which the wheels of progress may go bumping to perdition.

Amid all the perplexities of settling the vast region, teachers have felt the need of counsel. And it is to be remembered that they are largely novices. If from decade to decade a slowly increasing body of respected teachers had grown old in experience, the pedagogists could never have come to power. A Bolshevik would be utterly without influence in an Indiana primary, because to those experienced in the practice of democracy his vagaries would appear like the sheer ignorance that they are. But a Bolshevik in Petrograd—among a population that has no experience of social fallacies—may make himself a potent influence. And for that same reason a pedagogist among a body of teachers who have no training in the ponderous errors of scholasticism can make himself appear like a dispenser of dazzling wisdom. Colleges are wearily familiar with this kind of hocus-pocus, so that an "expert in education" is an absurdity to them; but among the high schools he can pose as a superior creature. There he is honored and devoutly listened to while he works his magic with data and compilation and functionating and experimentation.

III

No charge lies against the pedagogist for theorizing after investigating mountains of data; that is a legitimate occupation for a man who likes such exercise. The charge is that he makes a practical application of his inductions without any knowledge of the practice of teaching. That fact is so astounding that my little stock of knowledge affords no parallel to it, nor can I imagine one. The faculty of a medical school might be constituted of teachers whose knowledge was entirely derived from books and cadavers; but no physician ever contemplated such a school. No sane person would trust a military school unless its staff was composed of men who had commanded soldiers. No one who had never played golf or chess could write salable books on how to play those games. Go through the whole realm of human activities, and you can find only one occupation in which the expounders of an art have not gained some eminence in practice—that is pedagogy.

This fact appears more astonishing in proportion as we realize the difficult complexity and nicety of the art of teaching. Nine-tenths of that art is the instinct for diagnosis—that is, for realizing the nature of a pupil's confusion or indifference, for feeling out an approach to the child's attitude, for convoying that young mind to a different attitude. That means human sympathy, human tact, and interest. Thus far in the development of the race no one has succeeded in doing much charting of these instinctive adaptations of mind to mind—for example, of how to interest an audience, how to make a company admire its captain, how to be humorous. These are innate powers of one mind over other minds; different persons secure identical results by widely varying methods, and no investigator has had the hardihood to tell us that he can analyze those methods. The only persons who pretend to make such charts are the charlatans who sell books entitled "How to be Witty" or "How to Dominate." Good teaching is an instinctive knack of dealing with intangible mental materials. It will be reduced to a science only after we have created the easier sciences of humor and domination, and only by those rare spirits who combine the skill of practice with the gift for analyzing how their instincts operate. What, then, must we think of men in our generation who, without practice and without instinct, would tell us how to teach?

I have on my shelves a marvelous monograph on the teaching of spelling. Now this is the most mysterious and utterly baffling subject that schools struggle with. It far outreaches all present human knowledge. Only by patient years of living with its ineffable wonders can any understanding of it enter an adult human brain. Yet our pedagogist—a man of note who has gone from height to height in fame—essays this subject. Though he shows on every page that he is ignorant of class-room facts, his monograph is widely quoted and is everywhere mentioned with respect. How was it compiled? By getting up the literature of the subject. I fear that my answer will sound like a jest. Truly it seems more preposterous than to suggest that a man who had never been north of Montreal might compile in his study a brochure on how to reach the North Pole. I am sure I could do that, for I have access to a dozen explorers' records of Arctic journeying. But the pedagogist had no corresponding records. Mere teachers have never dared to publish their explorations in farthest orthography. The "literature" of the subject consists of pedagogists' accounts of data and experimentation. Thus out of second-hand ignorance is constructed third-hand misinformation. And that is a reputable achievement in expert pedagogics!

I am told that the author is in other

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ways a very sensible man, a charming personality, who deserves his eminence. When I reflect upon that, I wonder if my own mind is somehow diseased or unable to metabolize good advice. I am so diffident of my own estimate that I should never venture to put it in print if other even more diffident teachers had not by their vehement exclamations against the follies of pedagogism encouraged me. One instance must suffice here. A most important educational expert, before whose name the ordinary professor of pedagogy bows low, used to lecture to the teachers of his city. His unfailing message was, "Teach in the large." Most of his auditors knew that the message was pernicious, but they listened in respectful and disgusted silence—except one woman. After several years of voiceless wrath she wrote a brief paper in which she poured out the heat of her loathing for this pompous ignorance that was directing teachers to a Tartarus paved with psychological good intentions. I prize my copy of that little article. It is a gospel of sense and conscience directed against the futile worship of the great god Psychopedagog. It is a rarity, because few teachers have the hardihood to write against their betters, and the few who are reckless can find no publisher so lacking in business sense as to print what they might write, and there are few readers who would feel the least interest in a lowly teacher's outburst. For a teacher has only climbed up from the bottom of his profession, and cannot possibly know as much as the pedagogists who have descended from a region above the utmost bounds of actual work and knowledge.

Some one ought to write a book describing the absurdities that have been published in all seriousness by pedagogists who venture down into the region of practice. A prelude could be made of this remark, to be found in a book written by an educator so renowned that he instructs professors of pedagogy: "How can the sensitive soul of the child fail to be impressed by the beauty of the relationship exhibited by the series *a*, *a'*; *b*, *b'*?" Your true-bred pedagogist has no interest—as a Darwin or Huxley would have had—in getting a position to teach in the seventh grade at $800 a year, in forgetting about his own attuned mind in recording (and responding to) what the sensitive souls actually are impressed by. "What are these barnacles doing?" inquired Darwin. "How can barnacles fail to be impressed?" exclaims the educator.

This volume of failures would be a more melancholy book than is to be found in any library. It would tell of the monumental investigation conducted by a normal professor into the nature and commonness of grammatical errors, and of how he derived from his years of labor the wrong result. His failure is infinitely worse than simply failing; it will cost school boards hundreds of thousands of dollars a year because of time misspent by teachers. A sadder affair for this volume would be the invention by two eminent colleagues of a scale for theme reading. All through the ages teachers have had to read themes, and during the last half-century this work has become a fine art in France. Yet no practical artisan anywhere under heaven ever developed a scale. This conception was a mere creation of the intellect in a very large and important teachers' college. It was essentially a fallacy, resting on assumptions that are never facts in proper teaching.

IV

Is there nothing good to be said for the professors of pedagogy? Yes; there are level heads among them. One of them, for example, has tabulated the spelling errors in fifteen million words of theme writing, to determine the commonness and the time of occurrence of the wrong forms. It was a huge task well performed, from which the correct conclusion was drawn—to wit: a certain profound truth that was well known to teachers before the investigator was born. Yet teachers are grateful to him for corroborating with his authority what the educators would not otherwise have credited. The pedagogists exclaim now: "See that mass of data! Consider fifteen million words!" They do not reflect that many and many a teacher has read twice as much with careful and intimate attention to both the errors and the types of mind that make them. It is as if one should say: "See that renowned traveler! He has whizzed in an express train one hundred and fifty thousand miles, observing the country!" and as if some one should reply: "That unnoticed pilgrim has walked three hundred thousand miles through the same region, lingering at the wayside to talk with the people, eating their food, and helping in their daily work." It is always thus with a pedagogist's inductions from data. If he errs, he does great damage; if he goes right, he reaches only some result that is familiar in the practice of teachers.

I have always thought better of pedagogy since my friendship with one of its professors who has a keen and ready mind that offers no harbor to illusions. Here is his estimate of the present status of pedagogy: "It is a new science, pitifully new. In 1900 it was proceeding by absolutely wrong methods. Even now it has made only small headway on the right road. We recognize that, but we look to the future with assurance. Don't rail at us. Help us." That is an almost irresistible plea. If it fairly represents the attitude of a majority of the pedagogists, then I am much condemned for crying out upon them. I should have held my peace from that moment if I had not been an observer of pedagogy in 1900. When in 1900 I, a novice teacher, declared to professional pedagogy, "You are proceeding by absolutely wrong methods," I was answered with just as much, and just the same, scorn that I meet to-day. And in 1936 another professor, of that new generation, will assure me that "they were proceeding by wrong methods in 1918, but have got on the right track now." And in 1954—I shall be in my grave, along with three generations of mistaken procedures in pedagogy. By that time we shall have had the wit to learn from France the one and only right procedure: to compile the practice of successful teachers, to build up from the teachers, and not to build down to them from the cloudy spaces of empty deductions.

This friend has taught me many things. "Read Z's book," he once said, "and learn what forward-looking pedagogy is." In this case, as in so many others, I profited by his advice, for the book announces that the educational theories of the '90s were influenced by an entirely wrong view. It asserts that "until very recently books on education described the operation of discipline by vague and meaningless phrases." It shows by extracts "picked fifteen years ago from fifty books on education" that the doctrine of discipline then held by pedagogists was erroneous, and it speaks of the "mischief done in education" by that doctrine. This remarkable book of Z's goes further and declares: "The one thing that educational theorists of to-day [1916] seem to place as the foremost duty of the schools is the one thing that the schools or any other educational forces can do least." And Z leads us back to that path of practical knowledge that successful teachers have always trodden.

Indeed, there is much good to be found in pedagogy, for it sometimes agrees with the convictions of a thousand generations of teachers.

V

Is there any kind of task to which pedagogy might profitably address itself? Yes. Teachers are a voiceless, scattered, unacquainted crowd, working in their own corners, wasting vast amounts of time and effort in searching out, each for himself, those tricks of their trade that seem so insignificant to educators but are actually the all-in-all of success. If pedagogists would stoop to compiling those precious devices and points of attack and order of steps and essential rudiments and non-essential stumbling-blocks, then their industry would be approved by judicious people.

During the last year it has been my melancholy duty to examine some hundreds of reports on courses of study for the twelve grades of our public schools. One of these is compiled by State authority under the supervision of county superintendents; during forty years it has undergone revision by these mentors of the education of one of the most populous States. It requires that children in the sixth grade shall be taught "all the uses of the breve and tilde." This is one of the quaintest, but by no means one of the deadliest, of a whole bookful of criminally wrong guidance. And advice of the same murderous kind is to be found in a majority of the announced courses for States and cities. Yet I have never heard that this sort of crime against civilization has been execrated by the pedagogists. It is a cold, sad, hard fact that the ordinary educator has not enough

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training to know that such requirements are atrocious. Nor will he know or have the will to know until he is born again.

Instead of attending to such vitally necessary duties of an improver of instruction the pedagogist busies himself with gaudy speculations about ultimate purposes and profound alterations. Since the ulterior design of education is to fit the young for useful citizenship, therefore it will be well to spend most of the ninth year in observing industries and institutions. Surely. Why not? How can logic be more perfect? Why should any attention be paid to the shuddering fear of parents who know that such a programme will injure their children? Why heed the horror of practical teachers who know that those sightseeing tours would destroy the whole fiber of real schooling?

Instead of finding out how an adept teacher approaches those puzzling problems that lead to equations, your educator demonstrates that algebra does not "function" in mental training. Or, more likely, he engages in the loftier and more alluring proof that examinations do not function in true teaching. The mere fact that examinations are known to be vital in all countries which train children better than we do—that is nothing to the Bolshevistic mind. The Bolshevik does not care for facts like these: that society has always used some type of examination to select those who are qualified for leadership; that examinations are no more a matter of "pedagogic functioning" than the selection of officers for an army; and that the necessity for examinations is rooted as deep in society as suffrage or a penal code or a monetary system—or any other imperfect contrivance by which democracy muddles along.

The Russian Bolshevik has no interest in responsibility, obedience to the majority, or any humdrum virtue essential to democracy, and he feels nothing but contempt for that miserable ballot-box which does not function in his notion of just government. No more does an educational Bolshevik sympathize with our miserable examinations, that so often elect the unfit. He does not believe in electing at all. According to his ideas of justice, our schools have the opportunity and duty of passing unfit pupils through their grades, of squandering upon those who cannot benefit society the wealth that society needs for making itself strong.

VI

Nature has always decreed a hard way to success; the theorizer's effort is to outwit nature and make her way easy. In this regard our educational leaders are true to type; they would abolish harsh difficulties. Their generous proposals appeal to a numerous body of superintendents and principals and eager teachers. As a result, the country is at present filled with a most curious assortment of fantastic fears and ecstatic hopes. Led on by pedagogical "authority," a host of enthusiasts are everywhere proclaiming the most incredible rites of purification.

One example of these excesses is the "socialized class-room," a form of instructional democracy compared with which all previous co-operations between teacher and pupils are utter despotisms. In the socialized recitation the teacher is an unobtrusive moderator of the class; the pupils teach themselves; by an urge of social compulsion to improve themselves, by a rivalry in helping one another to knowledge, the children create the only genuine kind of instruction—the demand of their fellows that they shall learn. Some of my readers will suppose that is caricature. It is a literal definition of this new departure, phrased to explain and not to ridicule. Furthermore, the socialized recitation is not entirely compounded of dream stuff, for the instinct of all good teachers has always been to make pupils help themselves by rivalry and social approval. The kernel of this new institution is an ancient truism that well deserves perpetual iteration. But an old truth wrongly extended is the most monstrous falsehood. So the "social compulsion of the class-room," which has been a lamp to the feet of practical pedagogues, becomes an invitation to shipwreck when it is unduly elevated as a beacon on an uncharted shore of educational Bolshevism.

The Bolshevik despises all that routine and care and repression by which an actual democracy maintains itself. How our educational idealists would attain the most beautiful results without any routine of careful means to an end is remarkably shown in these extracts from an announcement of the English course in a large high school. From the seventh to the twelfth years there is hardly any mention of *how the teacher gets* these results, but only the successive statements that by such a time *the pupils have achieved* such and such abilities. The school is directed by a famous State university, one of whose professors drew up the English course. In the seventh grade "the child learns to think clearly"—so easy and rudimentary is this power which few Congressmen possess. In the eighth grade "the pupil learns to be co-operative and constructive"—thus quickly achieving the rarest of the civic virtues. The ninth grade "is frankly a year of enjoyment," in which "the work comprises the deliberate manipulation of the narrative material by a conscious literary artist into a form of telling which suits his artistic purpose. The pupil learns to handle with artistry retrospective and anticipatory methods of narrative." In the tenth grade "he studies synonyms, antonyms, denotation and connotation, word sounds, and rime and rhythm." In the eleventh grade "he endeavors chiefly to formulate for himself the essential principles which constitute literary merit." In the twelfth grade "the aim is primarily to make sure that the high school has developed power. . . . The second semester deals altogether with creative work. . . . The pupil uses a library freely and accurately. . . . He unquestionably can use what he has learned in the course toward handling with power an entirely new situation."

I refrain from comment on the above quotations, judging that the reader would prefer to brood in silence upon these effortless beauties.

VII

Does the reader fear that I merely guess that theory and ignorant enthusiasm will probably produce bad results? What do I know about results? I know that every September I have to teach forty boys who have come from almost as many public schools in twenty States. I know that these students have not been trained in a way to make democracy secure, for they have not been taught to respect the difference between right and wrong in performing their tasks. They have never been ashamed of calling *il* the object of *moi*, or of dividing the denominator by the numerator. I know that fathers all over this country, in every walk of life, are cursing deep and lamenting bitterly because their children learn at school to be careless.

So much for conditions. What about causes? I know that the teachers are not primarily responsible. Any one who makes the acquaintance of a hundred of our experienced high school workers—choosing cities and persons at random—will find a remarkably high standard of devotion and common sense. Who, then, is responsible for evil conditions? Suppose that ever since 1890 our educational "authorities" and "leaders" and "experts" had truly led us in the way of that hard wisdom that nature indicates plainly enough. Suppose that they had resolutely insisted that the path of progress always lies through experience, and that we can arrive only at anarchy if we follow the lead of those who have never trodden that path. Would educational Bolshevism be riot to-day? Would fantasies be deluding the schools to waste their time and to leave students untrained?

If our leaders had without ceasing insisted that schools can improve only in proportion as we secure more able teachers, would education have been fuddled with experimentation and socializing while pupils remain untaught? I say *only* as we secure better teachers. There is no other way to improve. Though educators had power of divination, so that by their inducing and deducing they could find out all the methods under heaven, yet did not hire better teachers, they could never advance a rod toward better schools. It is a hard saying. The right answer to inquiring Nicodemuses has always been just as hard and just as simple as that, and they have always turned away sorrowful, looking for some ornate recipe of salvation. An educator might retort, "But you have just spoken of the high standard of our teachers." I spoke of the devotion and good sense of the experienced ones. They are a minority; they began their careers in better days; they are an ever-decreasing mi-

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nority. There is small incentive for able women—much less for able men—to become teachers; and the incentive is ever decreasing. Unless the profession is made more honorable and more profitable the quality of our teaching staffs will inevitably decline. The profession will not be exalted by ten thousand courses in pedagogy or a million gatherings of data. It will attract more able persons only as it is better rewarded. If pedagogists never proclaim this single way of progress, they are guilty of our failures. If they obscure their proclamation by waving banners of "teach in the large" and "see our industries first," they are guilty not only of our present inefficiency but of our coming anarchy. They are not statesmen but Bolsheviki.

It is said that the curriculum needs reforming. So it does. When experienced teachers and thoughtful parents feel the need of change, we must all agree. If they should vote to substitute joy-riding for arithmetic, the rest of us would be fools to protest—provided that the necessary army of teachers had been fitted for this strange new task. The incompetent teacher can accomplish nothing with an ideal curriculum; the good teacher can do well with an antiquated course of study. To have faith in mere curricula is Bolshevism. To think first of teachers is the instinct of sound minds.

VIII

I might suppose that I was myself a theorizer about the one great error and the one simple remedy if it were not for a certain fact—the central fact of French education. We have been deluded long enough with the Prussian system of methodizing from on high for the inspiration of those who teach down below. We ought by 1919 to be responsive to that hard and simple answer which France gives if we inquire of her how to be saved. R. W. Brown, of Wabash College, has recorded that answer in his "How the French Boy Learns to Write"—the most useful book on education that has yet been printed in this country. In it we can read: "French educators have taken the good teacher as the norm." In the "English Journal" for June, 1912, Karl Young, of the University of Wisconsin, tells us the same indispensable truth: "The official 'Instructions' are regarded as a repository for genuinely practical suggestions. They are a mere formulation of methods of which the efficacy has been proved through a long tradition of practical teaching." Until we learn this lesson from France, until we seek first for better teachers by giving greater reward, until we begin to build up from the experience of successful teachers, we are educational Bolsheviki.

Our professional pedagogism is a German-American growth, one offshoot of *Kultur*, doomed to die. How entirely it differs from anything in France is shown by a 450-page book, "Science and Learning in France," published in 1917 by the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities. Under "Anthropology" we see, "Unsurpassed in the world;" under "Astronomy" are such expressions as "Led the way" and "Well-nigh supreme"—and so on through twenty-two subjects. Except under "Education." There we read that "France has little to offer," "the absence of education courses," etc. "Professional educators" are directed to "an almost virgin field for study"—to *the educational institutions in successful operation.*

Since "France yields to no other country in the excellence of its institutions of learning" and since "French educators have been nothing if not practical," there must be a reason for "the lack of theoretical courses in education." French education is not Bolshevistic.

Tuft School, Watertown, Connecticut.

THE LABORER AND HER HIRE

BY NEWTON MARSHALL HALL

WE have had more than one mind in regard to our system of education in America since the war began. We were dismayed at first. When the British were pushed back from Mons and Paris was almost lost, we said: "See what superior education and scientific training will do! Germany wins because her soldiers are better trained than the men of the French and English democracies." We were gloomily pessimistic in those days. We talked about the failures of the public schools. They had failed in the attempt to assimilate the foreign element, they had failed in the teaching of patriotism. We were certain that we had been devoting too much time to cultural subjects, while we had neglected the sciences. We used to say: "War in these days is a matter of scientific formulæ. Victory is worked out on the blackboards of the German universities and in her famous laboratories, and we are still teaching the humanities"! Then America flamed into action and turned the scales to victory. The men who launched a thousand ships, who thronged two million strong across the seas, who fought the veteran legions of Germany to a standstill and then to a sullen retreat, who handled all sorts of technical problems with amazing skill—these men were educated in the public schools and colleges of America. I talked the other day with a pink-cheeked young lieutenant of aviation. He was modest tc the point of embarrassment. He had done nothing, he said, "just flying around taking pictures"! It developed that he had bombed a submarine, that he had fallen three times into the sea, that he had performed for six months with gallantry and skill the dangerous work of a patrol of the English Channel. He is a graduate of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Classical High School, with three years' academic work at Dartmouth College. He had received no special technical training whatever. I had a letter recently from another lad, a graduate of the Springfield Technical High School, who calmly informed me that he was supervisor, with the rank of captain, of the mechanical department of a salvage plant employing ten thousand hands in a famous old French city. These are simply typical instances of the services of thousands of our stripling Davids, who, without special training—shall we say "by faith"—"subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness . . . waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

We have changed our views, and we are boasting now of the fact that our public schools educated these splendid boys who mastered, almost in a day, the intricate technique of modern warfare and defeated the machine-trained hosts of the German Empire. We have reason to be proud of them and proud of the educational system which trained them. What is the reason for their superiority? It could not have been in the courses of study of our schools or in our methods. Ours are certainly no better than those of Germany. It is not because we have taught more science or less science, because we have retained Greek in our courses of study or because we have left it out. We have spent a vast amount of time gravely discussing such questions as though they were really vital, forgetting that education is the impartation of personality as well as the acquisition of learning. Character is more important than any amount of information. The public schools have given children an excellent drill in the fundamentals of knowledge, which are the basis of an education on the formal side, but they have done far more than that. They have imparted the spirit of patriotism, they have inculcated the traditions of the best American citizenship in war and in peace. They have taught children to think for themselves, to believe that all things are possible to industry and intelligence. They have cultivated cleanness of body and soul. They have not held up stilted formulæ, but living ideals, as the goal of education. They have done this, not only for the native stock, but also, greatest of all miracles, for the children of the polyglot races who have come to our shores. America, a serene and holy personality, enshrined above the clamor of faction and the materialism of trade,

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has been the divine goddess whom ragged urchins speaking alien tongues have been taught to worship. Washington and Lincoln are the patriots whose characters have been exalted as possessing the highest virtues. The flag has been saluted every day as an object of reverence. The song which floats most often from the windows of the school-room is—

"My country, 'tis of thee."

We will admit that this kind of education has been sentimental—romantic, if you please—rather than exact and scientific. We have thought more of the child than of the text-book, more of character than of scholarship, more of reproducing the American type than of turning out specialists. We have not been uniformly successful, we might perhaps have been more serious, but at least we have tested our product in the white-hot flame of war, and we are proud, and not ashamed, of the result.

I have said that the public schools have wrought these miracles. We are too apt to think of public education in America in this impersonal way. It is the American teacher who makes the public school. I am not so sure about our system—it certainly has grave defects—but I have no doubt whatever about the army of devoted American women who, to a large extent, administer the system. There have been some murmurs lest our young men should become effeminate as a result of the preponderance of women teachers. The effeminacy of American youth was not very much in evidence when the Yankee divisions stormed the machine-gun nests of the Hindenburg line! Behind every hero of the Argonne forest stood an American "schoolmarm." Those boys whose grim courage broke the German spirit had been taught and trained during most of their waking hours, from the time they were five years old until they left school, by women. Explain the miracle as you will, these American women have been responsible for the major part of the training of the American men whose courage was revealed on the flaming front of battle. To them be some part at least of the honor and the praise!

These women are before the country now asking, in almost every hamlet and city, for a salary, not commensurate with the value of their service—America is not rich enough to pay them that—but large enough on which to live, not penuriously nor luxuriously, but in accordance with the dignity of their high calling. They do not like to make this request, they do not like the publicity it involves, or what seems to be the commercialism of it. They are forced to ask for increased salaries because the rise in the price of commodities makes it no longer possible to live at the present rates. Nor is it a question of mere existence. If the teacher is to impart personality, she must herself possess the sacred fire. There is nothing which so quickly exhausts the spiritual resources as the impartation of self. There must be opportunity for recreation. The teacher must refresh herself at the perennial springs of personal power. She must live in pleasant surroundings, she must have books and music and travel and fine companionships and leisure. Unfortunately, these things cost money. I am sorry that they do, but such is the fact. The teacher needs these things more than any other worker. She cannot be perpetually giving out, and never renewing, the elements of life. A cheap drudge, a clerical hack, can impart nothing worth having. We are not teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic alone in our public schools. You could make a phonograph do that. The true teacher takes the formal texts, and extracts from them what Milton called "the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." You cannot go out into the labor market and hire "help" at the minimum wage per hour to do that. We are teaching life, spirit, American citizenship, initiative, courage, patriotism, and high ideals. If we think that it is worth while to teach these things, we must pay for it, and we ought to do it cheerfully, thanking God that it is possible to transmute money into such unspeakably precious commodities.

There are conditions, no longer existing, which have hitherto worked to the advantage of the public in securing teachers for the public schools. Teaching, only a few years ago, was the only profession open to American women. The result has been that the choicest women of our schools and colleges became teachers, not simply because it was a noble profession, but also because it was the only one open to women. I might paraphrase the verse of Longfellow, and say of our American teachers that God has sifted the Nation to provide the seed for the planting, and he has sown the precious seed broadcast over the continent to perpetuate the Pilgrim ideal from sea to sea. To-day the situation is completely changed. The war has thrown wide open to women the doors, not only of every profession, but of every trade and calling. Many of the new opportunities are not only extremely attractive but very lucrative. I know a high school teacher who was receiving two years ago a salary of $1,100. To-day her salary in a mercantile position (not war work) is $3,500, with a prospect of becoming $5,000 in the near future. Teaching may be the noblest of all professions, but who can blame a woman of ability for preferring the rewards and independence of a lucrative position to the unending routine of the school-room, at a salary barely sufficient to pay living expenses? The schools simply cannot compete with business for the best-trained women on the ground that teaching is patriotic service. Who shall say that service in other professions and callings may not be also fine and patriotic in its nature? Estimate, if you can, the loss to the Republic if only ten per cent of the best type of educated women who are now teachers should be diverted to other callings than teaching. It would be a National calamity, nothing less. Yet the danger is imminent. Increases in teachers' salaries will not avert the danger altogether, but they will help somewhat to do so.

When we approach the matter from the practical standpoint and ask why the reasonable requirements of teachers are not instantly met, we find a great deal of uncertainty and confusion. The taxes of American cities are high, and the taxpayer groans when any increase is contemplated. School boards are condemned as extravagant if they vote any advance in teachers' salaries. Such action means a contest, the dragging of the school into politics, the diversion of the attention of the teachers from their work. There is no such thing as standardization of salaries in the United States. Two cities of the same size in the same State very often maintain a widely varying scale for precisely the same work. If one side in a contest produces a list of salaries higher than those paid by the community in question, the opposition is always able to show a list of cities paying lower salaries.

I know that the average American citizen simply does not believe that the public school teachers are poorly paid. The teachers seem to be prosperous and happy. They dress well, they contribute to church and charitable enterprises, they have subscribed to the war loans, they have long vacations, which they doubtless spend in luxurious idleness at summer hotels! I have found in my own experience that taxpayers are incredulous and absolutely unbelieving when the necessity for increase of teachers' salaries is urged. Up to the present time the teacher has uttered little complaint; consequently the modest and timid requests which have been made for better pay get small attention from a public hardened to the methods of the professional agitators and the violence of the strike. These are the facts of the case, and every American citizen ought to face them. The average compensation of all the 622,321 public school teachers in the United States in 1915, according to the latest complete statistics available, was $543.31, or $1.73 per working day during the year, and $1.48 for each day of the year. No State in the Union paid an average of $1,000 to its teachers. Only two, California and New York, exceeded $900. In twenty-nine States the average was below the average in the United States. In twenty-three States the average was less than $500. In twelve States it was less than $400. In three States it was below $300. In one State the average daily wage was 64 cents. The United States Commissioner of Education reported the average salary for 1916 as $563.08, an increase of 3.6 per cent over the figures in 1915, but the increase in living expenses very much more than offset this slight increase in salary.

A careful and complete survey made this year, covering the year 1917, in a Massachusetts city paying very nearly the maximum salaries for the country, discloses these facts. The cost of living

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in that city increased 65 per cent during the past five years, while teachers' salaries increased 11 per cent. The result is that nearly all of the 318 teachers employed report a relative deficit in their pay ranging from $25 to $280. The following budget of a grade teacher is typical: Her salary was $950. She spent for clothing $100; for board and rent (she lives with a widowed mother), $600; car-fare, $30; laundry, $25; gifts and charity, $25; vacation, advancement, and miscellaneous, $100; insurance, $20.91; sickness and other emergencies, $270; deficit, $220.91. Out of 80 grade teachers in this city, 73 are obliged to do outside work to make both ends meet; 39 do both sewing and laundry work, 5 sewing, 3 laundry work, 12 tutoring, 6 playground work; 20 board themselves or live at home. Not only do stenographers and bookkeepers receive higher salaries than many teachers, but even women day laborers are better paid. Domestic servants, even in the smaller cities, receive from $7 to $15 per week and their board. The untrained woman who does scrubbing and work by the day in the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, receives $2.12 a day and one meal, which is nearly twice the average pay of teachers in the United States, and about equal the average salary in the enlightened State of Massachusetts. In 1917 the average freight brakeman received around $100 a month. In the same year the average salary of 19,017 teachers in the city schools, including 388 high school teachers, was less than $700 a year. The elevator girls in one of the smaller New York hotels receive $60 a month and one meal; the telephone operator is paid $70 with one meal. I know a graduate of one of the best New England colleges, with two years' experience, who is paid for teaching in a high school less salary than these women receive. This is simply an impossible economic situation. No class of workers can continue long on less than a living wage. These figures ought to bring a sense of shame to every American and cause the resolve that this injustice shall be righted speedily.

The teachers are not "organized." They have no means of bringing pressure to bear upon school authorities. At a time when triumphant organized labor has secured a minimum wage in many industries, higher wages and shorter hours in nearly every trade, and much labor legislation, teachers have steadfastly refused to organize in order to bring pressure to bear through threats and strikes, simply because they feel that the honor and dignity of their profession forbid. How much longer they will feel justified in exercising such forbearance I do not know. I fear that the public in general does not appreciate the magnanimous position of the teacher. I have often been told by business men that the matter of hiring teachers is a commercial matter, pure and simple. Sentiment must not enter into the transaction. The inexorable laws of supply and demand alone must be considered. Very well. If the public insist upon treating the service of the teacher as a commodity, like pork or potatoes, the public should not complain if the teachers organize trade unions, adopt the principle of collective bargaining, and demand increases instead of politely asking for them. If there is to be no sentiment in this matter on the side of the public, why should there be any sentiment on the part of the teacher?

Momentous changes along this line are already in process. In a very conservative New England city a Teachers' Economic League, for the purpose of advancing the material interests of the teaching profession, has just been formed. Similar action has been taken, or is contemplated, in many other cities. There is as yet no affiliation with trade unions, though strong overtures have been made on the part of organized labor. There is of course no reason why teachers should not organize, and the affiliation of the "intellectuals" with the laboring classes might be productive of good results. It is very evident, however, that the disturbance incident to the forcible attempt of teachers to secure their rights would constitute a grave menace to our educational system and to society at large. Such revolutionary action would be most repugnant to the majority of teachers. It may be that they would never proceed so far. Yet they will be driven shortly to such action, or to the only alternative, the abandonment of their profession. They ought not to be forced to this extremity. The establishment of a minimum National standard of salaries, the increase of salaries in nearly every community in the country, the granting of equal pay to men and women for similar service—these reforms cannot come too soon for the good of the service and the welfare of the Republic.

What I have said of women applies with equal force to the small and rapidly diminishing number of men teachers in the public schools. Admirable as the work of women has been, it is certainly desirable to retain some men in the service, especially in the high schools. The opportunities in other fields for men of character and ability—and these are the only men who ought to be in the school service—are even more alluring than those held out to women. With the present salaries it will not be long before the only men who can be secured for school positions will be unambitious invertebrates who are too lazy or too incompetent to secure work in other fields. I am acquainted with one man, who has had seven years of collegiate training, whose munificent reward for teaching is $1,800. He has been so inconsiderate as to provide himself with a wife and four children. He teaches in evening school, he works all summer, but he cannot much longer remain in the teaching profession and pay his bills. He is devoted to his work, but even if he is willing to make great sacrifices for his calling, has he any right to make his wife and children also carry the burden of poverty? Possibly the wife has no desire to be "noble" in that way. Must we have a new order of celibate—and mendicant—male teachers whose callow inexperience we foist upon our school-children because we are unwilling to pay sufficient salaries to employ men? This is a matter of very serious importance which we must face.

There is enough money in America to pay for many things less valuable than education. I hope the time will come when every American community will realize that the education, and the complete education, of the poorest and most backward child in all its borders is a supreme duty which cannot be avoided without peril. We must pay what is necessary to secure the best education, no matter what that may cost. We cannot intrust the task to incompetent and bungling hands. Trained men and women of the highest character are the only ones who can do the work as it should be done. They must be paid adequately for their services. No self-respecting teacher thinks of salary alone. Thousands are held to their task to-day because the high privilege of it radiates their souls. Honor to them! But we of America cannot exploit the spirit of such teachers and keep our own self-respect without admitting that the souls of our children are of less value to us than our dollars. We exploit our own flesh and blood when we exploit our teachers.

Think what we require of these teachers. We require of them that they deliver over to the State each new generation equipped with the knowledge which is necessary for the conduct of society, furnished with sound ethical principles, and imbued with the spirit of democracy. Milton nobly phrased the ideal of education in a democracy when he said in his "Tractate on Education:" "I call, therefore, a complete education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war, . . . to temper the pupils with such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them into willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages." We must approximate in spirit, at least, this ideal. No matter how elaborate or special or scientific advanced education may become, the task of laying the foundations, of imparting the fundamental elements, not only of learning, but of character, must always be intrusted to the teachers of the public schools. The responsibility of the teacher is greatly heightened by the outcome of the war. A despairing world is looking to democracy as its last hope, and the hope of democracy is in the public schools. The great mass of citizenship in the rough—boys and girls of all nationalities, of all sorts and conditions, the son of Tony the push-cart man, the daughter of the millionaire—is thrown into the hopper of the public school. We say to the teacher, as it was once said to the consuls of Rome: "You are responsible. Look to it that the

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Republic comes to no harm." We say: "You must take this mass of raw material and in the briefest possible time fashion it in accordance with the pattern of the high ideal which is set before you. The destiny of humanity will depend in the next generation upon the courage, the intelligence, the faith, of these boys and girls. The future statesmen of the Nation sit before you, incurious and unaware. You must arouse them. You must plant in their souls the seeds of greatness. If there are to be any poets and heroes and saints and prophets in the next generation, they are among your pupils to-day. You must send them out with a gleam of the vision at least, with the sacred light dawning in their eyes. In addition to this, you must teach the subjects of the daily routine, you must impart the fundamentals of knowledge, with precision and power." We say this to women who are themselves just out of school, who are often weary in body and in soul, but who spend themselves with a dauntless courage and a devotion beyond praise. Theirs is the most important task in the Republic. They have performed it with a whole-souled devotion. They have not asked for favors nor for special consideration. They have not clamored in the market-places for larger wages. There is to-day, however, in the teaching profession a rising tide which is not the spirit of discontent and rebellion; it is the deep sense of disappointment because of the injustice of the public. This bodes no good to any one. It is not a trivial question, therefore, nor one which savors of commercialism, to ask if these faithful servants of the Republic are not worthy of their hire? This matter does not concern the pocketbook of the Nation alone, it concerns the Nation's conscience and the Nation's honor.

We can secure teachers of a sort, I suppose, at starvation wages; we can force women of inferior ability who must have employment to compete for wages no higher than we now pay; but we shall do it at a price. We shall pay in the inevitable deterioration of American manhood and womanhood. We shall pay in the loss of those things which in our best moods we know are most precious, and, we shall do it at a time when the whole world needs these precious things as never before.

THE ECONOMICS OF THE KINDERGARTEN

BY P. P. CLAXTON

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

THERE is no other branch of formal education that bears so vital a relation to the economic, social, and national well-being of the human race as the kindergarten.

The boys and girls of to-day are to be the nation to-morrow. Very unwise, it seems to me, is the community that refuses to insure and guarantee its country for the future and withholds from its children an educational advantage to which they are clearly entitled and which would increase their value to the nation and the world. The children of foreign origin especially should receive this preparation for American citizenship.

Through the instrumentality of the kindergarten, with its systematic and scientific methods of training, which are the result of an intimate and profound understanding of the nature and development of the young child, whatever is worthy is carefully cultivated and right habits are formed at the most impressionable time of life. This is accomplished by a positive process which is perfectly simple and carefully adapted to the tender years of early childhood. For example, if a child is inclined to be careless, the kindergarten teacher endeavors to develop exactness and punctuality; if he is untruthful, she makes a point of cultivating frankness. Stories of George Washington and other heroes are a valuable factor in emphasizing great truths. The whole future life of the child is strongly influenced by the habits of industry and order acquired through the occupations and activities which are carefully selected with reference to their educational value and adaptability to the needs of the little ones. Educators are now agreed that the kindergarten is of real value to every child, as it furnishes conditions and opportunities which enrich and make happy his experience and enable him to express himself more freely and fully through an enlarged vocabulary and the use of the various channels of activity furnished by this system of training.

While the methods of the kindergarten are adapted to all children, its social economic value for children of varied circumstances inheres in its different phases; for the bright, pampered child of wealthy parents, too often selfish and autocratic through association with hirelings and over-indulgence, the kindergarten furnishes the companionship of children of his own age, in an atmosphere of true democracy where every one expresses himself freely and after his own fashion, though each learns to recognize and respect the rights of others. We all know, too, how many children of notably successful parents are lost in obscurity or in vice because they do not receive intelligent training early in life and are left largely to the care and companionship of underlings whom the parents would not consider worthy associates for themselves.

For the child of moderate means the kindergarten has a value that cannot be overestimated, in that it cultivates head, heart, and hands together, preparing him for the work of the grades, developing the social virtues, and laying the foundations for future artist and artisan by the hand-work which has its place in each day's activities. While we admit that the character and integrity of a nation is of supreme importance, its wealth is worthy of due consideration, and this is augmented by the kindergarten, for the exercises in drawing, designing, paper-cutting, and clay-modeling cultivate an accuracy of observation and a keenness of perception that are invaluable in later life to the technician in mechanical work, such as carpentering, designing, sewing, or any of the trades.

The cost of our criminal classes, with all the incidental expenses of courts, police officers, reformatories, and prisons, runs into millions of dollars, and the child of the criminal furnishes a problem it were criminal to neglect. In communities where the more unfortunate of our people dwell the kindergarten has proved itself a regenerating influence second to none. Through the little child the whole family is benefited. In such a community in New York a mother with a shawl over her head watched a kindergarten teacher with her circle of little ones, and remarked, reflectively, "It does beat all how you tame them!" Yes, the wise kindergartner tames them and trains them as a gardener would his choicest plants, and when they leave her for the work of the grades their eyes have been taught to see and their ears to hear; they have learned to think and reason and to see the relation between cause and effect. Their bodies have been strengthened by singing, dancing, and many forms of activity which work and play provide; the children have learned somewhat of the sweet amenities of life.

For the alien the kindergarten has a peculiar value, and here it helps to solve one of our greatest National problems. The little child acquires a vocabulary, which he teaches to his mother and father. The kindergartner is welcomed in the home and she takes to the mother a knowledge of our customs and ideals. The alien family finds in her a friend who is genuinely interested in their welfare. Then, too, at the mothers' meetings women of different nationalities mingle and learn the first lessons in good citizenship.

I have tried to show wherein the kindergarten is of value to the child of the rich, the child of moderate means, the child of the streets and alleys, and particularly to the child of the alien.

The rising generation needs a higher standard of ethics and morality, greater devotion to principle, higher efficiency to meet the tasks that will present themselves in international relationships and in world construction. Through daily

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association with other children under the guidance and influence of a motherly gentlewoman children gain an invaluable background for future usefulness and good citizenship; for a real kindergartner is a woman of innate refinement and fitness for this high calling, and she is, of all persons, the best qualified to give to the impressionable years of childhood the care and nurture necessary to attain the highest and most perfect development. By daily watchful care and study of the individual characteristics of each child she fosters and cultivates truthfulness, honesty, industry, neatness, and unselfishness, and the opposite traits disappear proportionately to her efforts.

As the child has no earning capacity between the ages of four and six, it is clear that all children might attend kindergartens if sufficient classes were provided in the schools, thus increasing the educational value of these two years and thereby lengthening the years of the child's formal education without encroaching upon the time which necessity might claim for increasing the family income. Many children leave school to become breadwinners at an early age, and for them the two added years of training that the kindergarten provides are invaluable. Only a relatively small percentage of our children are privileged to attend high schools, and yet many communities have provided high schools while they have not yet established kindergartens. It is a very shortsighted policy that permits 3,800,000 of our children to be deprived of this educational advantage which all are clearly entitled to receive. In a land which stands for equal privileges it is manifestly unfair to provide for only 500,000 children a privilege of which eight times as many are being deprived.

From the standpoint of the school system, it is in the interest of economy to expend a fair portion of its available funds on the support of the kindergarten. Educators are beginning to realize more fully that education in its broadest sense includes the well-rounded development of the individual, which depends in large measure upon early influences and the habits acquired in the formative period of life. The kindergarten nurtures and develops the child's inherent powers; in the kindergarten the foundation of all subsequent education is laid.

It is an interesting fact that before the war the kindergarten was more widely established in Belgium than in any other country of the world. The splendid training given to the Belgian children at the beginning of their school experience early in life accounts in part for the fine spirit of unselfishness, loyalty, and devotion to principle that has been so conspicuously manifested in these splendid intelligent people in the great crisis through which the world has just passed. In Germany, on the other hand, the democratic kindergarten has never become popular. The disappointed Froebel prophesied, "The kindergarten will live in America."

Recently the city of Buffalo decided to put kindergartens in all of its elementary schools because fifteen hundred children who had not been to kindergarten could not be promoted at the end of the first year. It was said: "The economic waste involved in having fifteen hundred children repeat their first year's work, the corresponding waste of energy on the part of the teachers, the loss of enthusiasm and interest on the part of the children, and the formation of bad school habits that inevitably follows, all constituted an unanswerable argument in favor of the kindergarten." After a thorough investigation additional classes were established as a matter of real economy.

It is now generally conceded that no child should begin his primary work without first having the objective and active instruction offered in the kindergarten which its nature study, stories, and hand-work offer. These elements of education should precede all formal reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. It is a regrettable fact that there are still seven-eighths of our children for whom classes have not yet been established. Let us add to the sum of human happiness, reduce crime, poverty, and misery, and enhance the well-being of our people by providing kindergarten training for all of the Nation's children.

CERTAINTY ENOUGH

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I am not sure the earth is round
Nor that the sky is really blue.
The tale of why the apples fall
May or may not be true.
I do not know what makes the tides
Nor what to-morrow's world may do—
But I have certainty enough,
For I am sure of you.

CONVERSATION AT DUSK ALONG THE LITTLE MISSOURI

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

IT was a "show" round-up arranged by Bill McCarty, of the Custer Trail Ranch, as Medora's fitting tribute to the memory of the President who had once been a cowboy in the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri; but it was enough like the real thing to keep even the old-timers on their toes. There were the restless, bellowing herd, the swift, sure lariat, the bawling calves dragged to the branding, the fire, the red-hot irons, the smoke and smell of burning hair and hide, the cowboys on guard—now quietly watching on their horses, now dashing at a breakneck gallop through the sage-brush into the green coolness of the timber-lands after a runaway maverick.

Gradually old hearts kindled to something of the old flame. Bill Follis, known of old as "Three-Seven Bill," called for a partner to "wrastle" calves with him; Sylvane Ferris and Will Merrifield, ranch partners and friends of Theodore Roosevelt, demanded horses; "Joe" Ferris, who took "the dude from New York" on his first buffalo hunt, walked about with a dreamy air, as though he were wondering what would happen if he swung his not insignificant avoirdupois on a saddle. Around the mess-wagon a hungry group was partaking of a Bad Lands ham, while Bill McCarty's housekeeper buttered bread for an interminable line who seemed fully conscious of the fact that the picnic luncheon was a good five hours in the past.

The last of Bill McCarty's hundred and twenty-five calves was branded; a bucking broncho or two was ridden to a satisfactory conclusion; a company of cowgirls with flying hair swept across the flat with terrifying ardor. Cars began to back out of the line under the tall cottonwoods and move slowly over the uneven ground to the dusty road.

Bill Follis was sitting on the ground under a tree. Sylvane Ferris joined him. "I haven't ridden like I rode this afternoon, not for ten years," he said.

"You'll be good and sore to-morrow."

Sylvane laughed softly. "I guess I

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can stand it. It's worth some soreness to know I haven't forgotten how to sit on a horse."

Merrifield and Joe Ferris drew near. "Some one gave me the gol-darndest stiff-legged old mare I ever saw," protested Merrifield. "It was no use my trying to ride her. Might as well ride a milking-stool."

"You're getting old, Merrifield," said Joe.

"Nothing of the sort at all!" exclaimed Merrifield. "That's ridiculous! The horse was so stiff you could have used her front legs for a hitching-post and her hind legs for a gate to swing on."

"It's all right, Merrifield," said Sylvane, cheerfully. "You can shoot better than I can, anyway. You always could. Sit down."

Merrifield sat down, and Joe Ferris, still dreamy and far away, looked out between the stems of the cottonwoods over the now deserted flat to the craggy face of Picket Butte, faintly flushed in the mellow evening light; then he too sat down.

"This is like old times," he said.

"Not by a blamed sight it isn't," remarked Sylvane, frankly. "But it'll do."

"It suits me pretty well," said Joe, "except that old John Tyler ought to have been here. He was the darky who cooked for the Maltese Cross mess-wagon the time Mr. Roosevelt went on the big round-up. You remember John Tyler, Sylvane?"

"I thought he was coming."

"So he was," remarked Follis. "But from where he lives he has to cross the river to get here, and the river's high after that last rain, and two darkies were drowned once at the crossing, and he's got an idea that the Little Missouri is hoodooed for coons."

"Hey, Nitch!" Merrifield called out to a slender, wiry individual with a hatchet face and drooping mustache, who was in overalls as keeper of the pump-house at Medora. "Join in. You're one of the old-timers. You knew the Colonel."

Nitch, whose real name was Kinley, settled himself on the ground. "I knew the Colonel all right. Liked him, too."

"I remember him the last time I saw him, three months before he died," said Sylvane, "laughing about the way you converted old Sandy McTavert to prohibition."

Nitch chuckled softly.

"Interrupt me if I don't tell it right," Sylvane continued. "It was Sunday night, if I'm not mistaken. Sandy had been taking it strong at Bob Roberts's saloon, and going was hard when he started for home. He got on his horse somehow and crossed the river and the railway track and turned south. Near the Marquis de Mores's place his horse strayed into the sage-brush, and it wasn't long before Sandy slipped out of the saddle and went to sleep as sound as a soused coon on Saturday night. Nitch here, he—"

"I happened just to come along that way on my way to town from the Marquis's," interposed Nitch. "The round-up outfit that I was with was camped just at the edge of town, and Sandy, he was the cook of the outfit. Well, he came down to Medora and got full, as usual, over in Bob Roberts's saloon, and I found him. I thought to myself, 'Old boy, I'll fix you,' and I took the rope off his horse. He was lying on the ground, knowing nothing. I took this rope and tied it around his foot, and then tied the rope to a sage-brush. I tied it so hard he couldn't get it untied."

"Sandy woke up by and by," Sylvane continued, "and when he saw what had been done to him he was the maddest man in three counties. Nitch, I guess, had tied some fancy knots, and Sandy had lost his knife, so it wasn't nothing short of day before Sandy got loose."

"Worser'n that," remarked Nitch. "He fussed and fumed there all morning, and along toward noon it began to get pretty warm. He got free at last and came swearing into camp like a Mexican on the rampage."

"He swore he'd shoot the man that did it," interposed Sylvane, "if he ever found him."

"He never did," added Nitch, dryly. "And it was all a good thing for Sandy, at that. He didn't touch a drop of liquor for four years."

"The Colonel always liked that story," remarked Sylvane.

"He was a great hand at stories, anyway," mused Joe. "I never seen a man could get as much fun out of some little joke than he done. There was one time I remember in particular. It was in the spring of 1886, in April it was. He had just come back from capturing those fellows that stole his boat up at Elkhorn Ranch. He had landed the thieves in the county jail in Dickinson after walking cross-country fifty miles or so, driving the thieves ahead of him at the point of a Winchester, while two men from Maine who were with him, Bill Sewall and Will Dow, drifted the boat down the Big Missouri at Mandan and brought it back on the train. He always stayed at my store when he came to Medora—he had a room in the southwest corner over the store, that we used to call the Roosevelt room—and he and I were on the porch of the store together talking when we see Will Dow coming down the street from the station carrying a box and looking as though it weighed a ton.

"Mr. Roosevelt went to meet him and asked him what he had there.

"You could see Will Dow was proud of what he had. 'Cartridges,' he said.

"Mr. Roosevelt got him to open the box and show him. They was cartridges right enough—buffalo cartridges, 120-caliber cartridges, the kind we had used to shoot buffalo with when they was still buffalo left to shoot. You could see those cartridges lying all around the country, because people threw them away, not having any use for them. All the buffalo cartridges in the country were not worth ten cents, but a sharp fellow in Mandan had sold a whole raft of them to Will Dow for two cents apiece—or two and a half, I can't remember which.

"Mr. Roosevelt says to him: 'What are you going to do with them?'

"'Why, I suppose we're going to use them,' says Dow.

"Mr. Roosevelt said, 'How in the world did you come to buy them?'

"'Why,' says Dow, 'they were cheap.'

"That tickled Mr. Roosevelt. Every little while for days he'd cut loose laughing about Will Dow and the cheap cartridges he bought that were absolutely worthless."

"And, say, how he used to love the stories about old Hell-roaring Bill Jones!" exclaimed Sylvane.

"What's become of old Bill?" asked Nitch Kinley. "He was a foul-mouthed old son-of-a-gun, but there was something likable about him."

"He's dead," answered Merrifield. "Died in Yellowstone Park. Froze to death in a snowdrift two winters ago with a whisky bottle under his arm which he'd gone down to Gardiner to get. Wasn't discovered until the next spring, and there wasn't much except a bunch of bones then. The coyotes had got the rest. He was a foul devil, but he did like Mr. Roosevelt. I remember Mr. Roosevelt telling me when he went to the Yellowstone as President he expected to see Bill Jones, but Bill had begun celebrating too early and when Mr. Roosevelt arrived he was all in. It took his friends two days to sober him up enough so he could talk to the President; but they had a good time together then."

"There were more foul stories told about Hell-roaring Bill Jones," remarked Joe, "than about all the other saloon hangers-on in Medora put together, and, say, some of them were funnier than the curl on a pig's tail; but I never heard the Colonel repeat one of them. He couldn't help hearing them. Everybody would repeat them wherever you went—they were so blamed funny. But for Mr. Roosevelt they seemed just to go in at one ear and out the other. His memory, which seemed to cling to the smallest fact that he'd come across years before, just didn't seem to be the kind of stuff that smut would cling to."

"The story about Bill Jones that I've heard him tell again and again," said Sylvane, "was the one about the lunatic. There was a fellow coming West that had some trouble with the newsboy on the Northern Pacific train. He bought something, an orange, I think it was, and they got into an argument and he went and shot the newsboy. They wasn't going to do anything about it, thinking that perhaps the newsboy ought to have been shot, but somebody says, 'The man's plumb crazy; he may shoot any of *us*.' So then, of course, they had to tie him up. When the train got to Medora, he was turned over to Bill Jones, who was sheriff, to put in the jail there.

"The fellow hadn't been long in jail when Bill he saw that the man was loonier than a she cat in a fit. He wouldn't eat, for one thing, and Bill called the deputies in and they used to try to force the food down him, and then he'd

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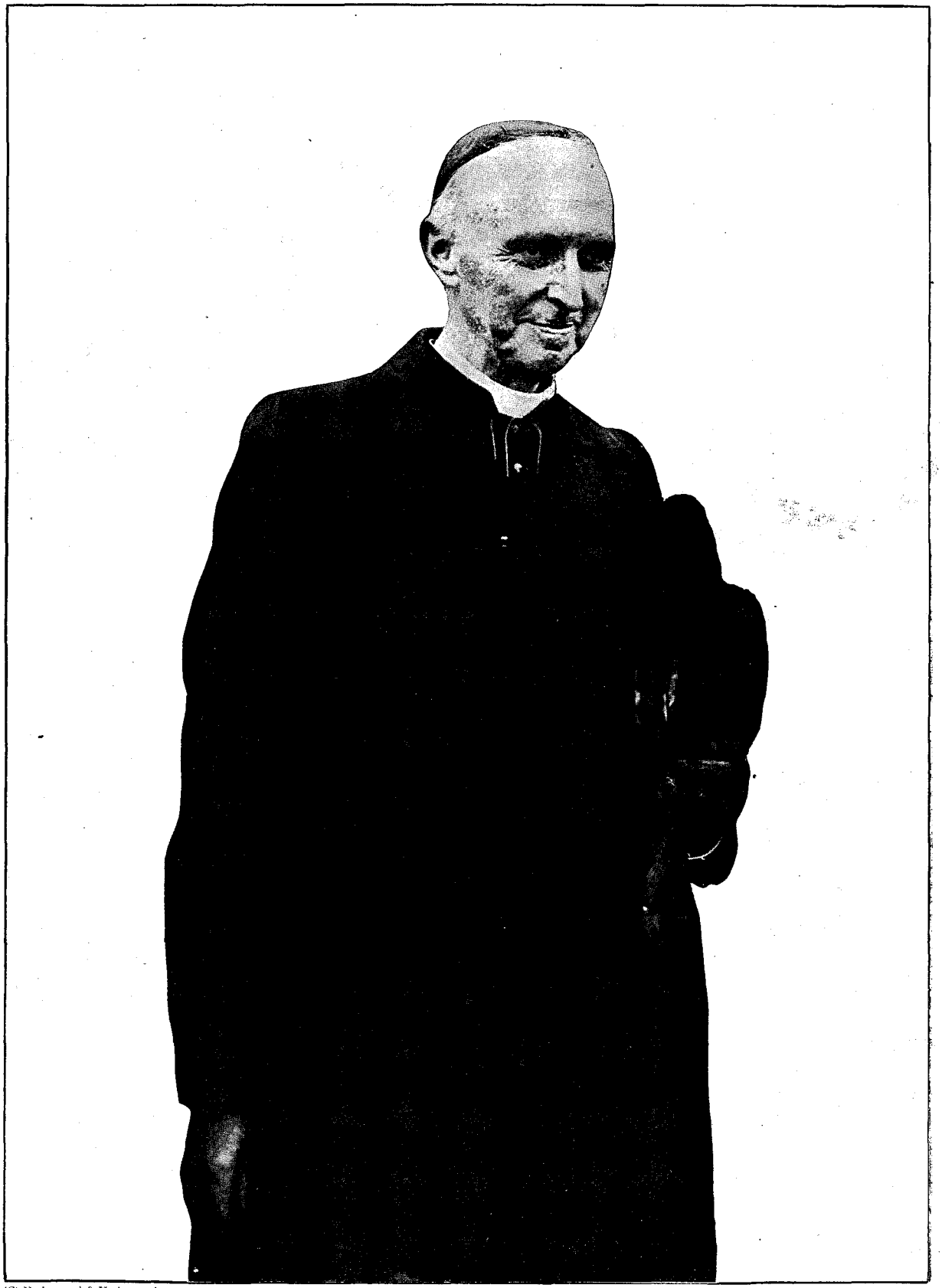

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CARDINAL MERCIER VISITS AMERICA—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE RECEPTION IN HIS HONOR AT THE NEW YORK CITY HALL

Cardinal Mercier comes to America to thank us for our help during the war. He will make an extended tour of the country, and a host of appreciative Americans will be charmed by his friendly smile and will recognize in him a notable and heroic figure. See editorial comment

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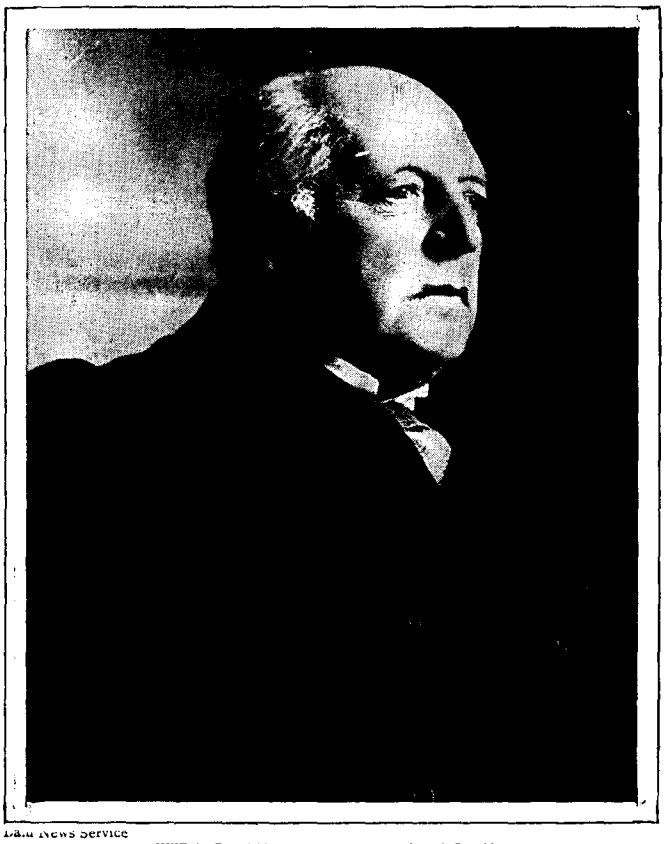
GENERAL PERSHING'S WELCOME IN NEW YORK CITY—THE GENERAL LEADING THE PARADE OF THE FIRST DIVISION ON FIFTH AVENUE

Among the many great parades that New York City has seen, before, during, and since the war, probably none made a deeper impression or was witnessed by a greater multitude than this one in which the leader of the American Expeditionary Force marched at the head of twenty-five thousand of his troops. The parade was notable for its complete exhibition of the paraphernalia of war—including kitchen and hospital equipment as well as trench mortars, machine guns, and airplanes



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THE LATE ADMIRAL BERESFORD

Charles William de la Poer Beresford was born in Ireland in 1846; entered the navy as a cadet at the age of 13; won distinction in 1882 at the bombardment of Alexandria; and became Rear-Admiral in 1900 and Admiral in 1906. See editorial comment

Paul Thompson

THE LATE JOHN MITCHELL

John Mitchell was born in Illinois in 1870; left school at the age of 10; began to work in coal mines at 12; was connected with organized labor from the age of 16; and became President of the United Mine Workers in 1899. See editorial comment

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THE STRIKE OF POLICEMEN IN BOSTON

The picture shows a crowd of curious citizens around a partly deserted police station just after the strike was declared. Much lawlessness and some loss of life resulted from the strike. See editorial comment elsewhere

Photograph by Dr. John Finley

INHABITANTS OF AN ALBANIAN VILLAGE GATHERED IN THEIR MARKET PLACE

Albania is one of the trouble centers of the Balkans. The Italians occupy its chief port, Avlona, and other territory; the Albanians resent this encroachment; recent news tells of the massacre of 300 Italians by the natives. Dr. Finley, who has recently visited Albania, sends us this picture of a typical Albanian village

(C) International Film Service

"LEST WE FORGET"—THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF A TERRIBLE EVENT IN BELGIUM

The photograph shows the wall in front of a fort at Dinant, Belgium, where the Germans during their occupation summarily executed 166 Belgian innocent civilians. Relatives of the martyrs have placed flowers on the spot in their memory. A memorial mass was attended by the King and Queen and by Cardinal Mercier

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start to raving occasionally, and altogether old Bill would have quite a time.

"A fat Dutchman named Snyder was one of the deputies, and he used to take the lunatic out for exercise, and every time the lunatic would start to make a break to run away. Well, the boys got to betting on the lunatic and betting Snyder so much that he couldn't catch the lunatic if he'd give the lunatic a certain distance. So Snyder would take the bet and then run and overtake the lunatic and bring him back.

"So somebody asked Bill one day what he'd do if Snyder didn't catch the lunatic.

"'Why,' he says, 'he always does catch him.'

"'Well, suppose,' says this man, 'some time he didn't catch him?'

"'Why,' says Bill Jones, 'I'd whale hell out of Snyder.'"

"I first met the Colonel at a round-up in '84 or '85, I don't remember which," said "Three-Seven Bill." "His glasses made him look kind of unusual, and I says to myself, 'Here's one of them dudes from Carroll's dude ranch come from the East to get over the taste for strong drink.' But he wasn't no dude. I remember the other boys feeling that his glasses was against him, but I remember we all forgot about his glasses when we saw that he meant to play the game with no favors. He was writing books at that time, they said, and I guess he had one foot in politics back East, but when he was out on the range he was a cowboy like the rest of us, and a pretty good cowboy, if I remember right. Nothing unusual at all, of course. He never had enough experience to make him more than an average hand with cattle, and his bad eyes was against him, but whatever he was made to do—if it was rounding up the cattle or wrastling calves or branding 'em—I remember men saying they were glad to have Teddy Roosevelt for a partner."

"They never called him Teddy," interrupted Merrifield.

"That's so, too," Three-Seven Bill agreed. "Not to his face."

"Jack Fenster tried it once," Merrifield went on, "and was squelched so flat he looked as though a herd had stampeded over him. He was cooking for us once on a hunting trip and he got a little familiar and called to him, 'Roosevelt, come over to dinner.' Mr. Roosevelt didn't say anything to him. Then, by and by, he called him 'Theodore.' Mr. Roosevelt swung round on his feet and just lit right on to old Fenster, and you bet he never called him Theodore again. Whenever you read any of that rot about calling Mr. Roosevelt 'Teddy,' 'Theodore,' and stuff like that, it's all tommy-rot, and it makes me mad to hear upstarts that never knew him running around calling him 'Teddy.' Jim Hayden called him 'Theodore' once, and he turned round to Hayden and said, 'What did you say?' and I guess Hayden never said it again. Nobody who lived around here when he was here called him 'Teddy,' 'Theodore' or 'Roosevelt.' They all addressed him as 'Mr. Roosevelt.' I never called him anything else during all those years I knew him, and I guess I knew him about as well as anybody. It didn't occur to you to want to call him anything but 'Mr. Roosevelt.' He was absolutely democratic and friendly, but there always was a point that you didn't go beyond."

"He had a lot of dignity," remarked Sylvane, "even as a young fellow. He wasn't twenty-five that first year he came out, but there was a quiet sort of dignity and reserve in him even then that made you treat him as you would a much older man. He knew so blamed much about everything."

"You bet he did!" said "Alf" White, a thickset man of sixty-odd who had joined the group while Sylvane was speaking. "I was an engineer on the Northern Pacific when Roosevelt first came out, and later I was trainman and used to sit down and talk with him about the country and cattle and politics and everything else. I remember him well. He was a young, slim, forceful fellow; a good talker, I remember, who didn't take backwater from anybody; not aggressive, but sure of his ground because he knew so much and had such a good memory. Of course I never dreamed of his ever being President. Nobody did."

"I did," broke in Joe Ferris. "I was talking to a number of fellows in my store one day about him and I said, 'I wouldn't be surprised if Roosevelt would be President some day.'

"Well, Jim Hayden, who ran the dude ranch four miles south of Medora in those days, he was there, and he laughed at me. I didn't think of it any more for fifteen or sixteen years. And I didn't think of it then until one day, a week or two after McKinley was killed, Carl Hollenberg, who worked for Hayden, comes into my store shouting, 'That fool Joe Ferris says that Theodore Roosevelt is going to be President.' Then I knew that Hayden had repeated my prophecy, and I thought that perhaps Joe Ferris was not such a fool, after all."

Bill McCarty, gorgeous in his high-crowned sombrero and silver-studded buckskin "shaps," strolled up from the direction of the mess-wagon.

"Great party!" sang out Merrifield. "You done yourself proud."

McCarty settled himself on the ground between Joe Ferris and his brother Sylvane. "There's nothing any of us hereabouts wouldn't have done for Teddy when he was alive, and there's nothing we won't do for his memory now that he's gone over the Great Divide. And I guess a little Wild West show like we've had this afternoon would suit him better than a lot of solemn speeches. I wasn't around in the old days when he first came out, but I knew him later, and I reckon he'd have had as good a time as the rest of us if he could have been with us."

"That's no lie, either," said Sylvane. "He knew more about having a good time than any other man I ever met."

"Why," exclaimed Joe, "when Roosevelt used to come out here in later years, when he was Civil Service Commissioner, and stepped inside the Maltese Cross ranch-house, he'd jump right up in the air and crack his heels together and say, 'You know, boys, when I get out here I feel just like a big schoolboy out on a vacation;' and, you know, he'd just seem tickled to death." Joe's voice sank lower, so that it was almost inaudible. "My goodness," he mused dreamily, "but we used to have some high old times together. He would always see the funny side of everything. Just as full of fun as could be, he was."

"I remember," remarked Three-Seven Bill, "I told him once how Bill Dantz went to bed with Merrifield wearing his spurs. It was at Garner Creek after a big round-up, as I remember. Bill got into bed with Merrifield with his spurs on, and Merrifield hollered at Bill, 'For God sake, don't move around in bed any more with those spurs on!' Bill, he says to Merrifield, 'You ought not to mind a little thing like that. I don't see what you're kicking about.'"

Everybody laughed. "That story always tickled Mr. Roosevelt," said Merrifield.

"It sure did," said Three-Seven Bill. "He certainly did like a joke as well as the next man."

"He was an all-round good man," remarked "Alf" White. "Ready to laugh and ready to work, ready to fool and ready to risk his neck."

"He tells in one of his books how he opened a dance with the wife of a noted gun-fighter," interposed Joe Ferris. "Say, he always liked to recall that. It was Mrs. Maunders. I don't know how many men Maunders had shot. I know of two. He was a bad one. But the way Mr. Roosevelt danced with Mrs. Maunders, you'd have said she was the belle of New York. I remember it well. It was the night I opened my store in Medora, a sort of house-warming."

"It wasn't far from here where we're sitting now," remarked Merrifield, "that he saved the life of that young Englishman, Roger North, the son of some lord or other. It was in that creek just the other side of the Custer Trail. It's dry now, but I've seen the time when that creek was full of water from bank to bank. This young Englishman, Roger North, was staying at Eaton's, who had a place where Bill McCarty's ranch-house stands now, and he and Mr. Roosevelt got acquainted, of course, and used to talk together about books and international affairs and things like that. It was during the first year Mr. Roosevelt was living out here, in 1884, before the Elkhorn ranch-house was built, and he was staying at the Maltese Cross. One afternoon Mr. Roosevelt and this young Englishman started to go to Medora. There'd been a lot of rain and the creek was running full, and though it wasn't more than twelve feet wide, I guess in the middle it was all of twelve feet deep.

"There was no real bridge across the

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stream—just a couple of logs and some stringers. Mr. Roosevelt got across all right. But when young North started to go across, the stringers gave way and he and his horse went right into the stream. I guess that Englishman thought he was drowned sure enough.

"But Roosevelt he whipped the lariat from his saddle and pulled the young fellow to shore, and I guess the Englishman was pretty grateful. He went round for some time telling people how Mr. Roosevelt had saved his life by thinking quick and acting quicker; and Mr. Roosevelt told me later that the young fellow's father, Lord North, made a big fuss over him when Mr. Roosevelt went to England the time he was married."

"What was he like as a tenderfoot—Roosevelt, I mean?" asked a young man in heavy shaps who had distinguished himself just a short time before by "staying by" a particularly vicious bucking broncho.

"I don't know that he ever was a tenderfoot," said Sylvane.

"You bet he wasn't!" exclaimed his brother. "I met him the first day he came to the Bad Lands, took him right out on a buffalo hunt away down by Little Cannonball Creek, and, by George, I'm telling you, after a week he was fresh as a daisy, and I was dead beat. For the first two days we didn't have nothing but green slime to drink and a few pieces of hardtack to eat, and with that we didn't get a buffalo or anything else, and all the while we had a string of the dog-blastedest luck you ever saw; but it didn't seem to bother him at all. He kept right on. The first night we picketed our horses to our saddles and slept on our saddles, and the middle of the night those saddles was whipped from under us like as though a steam-engine was pulling them. We didn't know what had happened. It was around midnight, and dark as the inside of a cow, and for all we knew it might have been Indians that had stampeded our horses. But Mr. Roosevelt he went stamping after those horses almost quicker'n I could follow. He wasn't no tenderfoot. Not on your life he wasn't!"

"You never had to tell him anything twice," added Sylvane. "That was the thing. He caught on."

"There's a story they tell hereabouts," said the young fellow who had spoken before, "how Mr. Roosevelt rode up to Mr. Ferris's store one day, and while he was inside, a bunch of cowboys—Mr. Merrifield there, Fred Herrig, and others—took his saddle and bridle off his own horse and put it on another that looked just like Teddy's, but was a bucker. By and by, they say, Roosevelt came out of the store and started to mount. The bronch' let him get into the saddle and then he bunched his feet and humped his back and Roosevelt went off. Nobody said anything except Joe Ferris, who came out of the store and asked if he was hurt. He said he wasn't, and started for the saddle again. The bronch' didn't wait for him to get his right foot into the leathers before he pitched Roosevelt right over his head. Teddy sat down so hard his glasses broke. He looked kind of surprised as he scrambled up, but all he said was, 'It's too bad I broke my glasses,' and went into the store, limping.

"The cowpunchers, they thought he'd had enough of it and were wondering how they could change cayuses again, when out came Teddy with a new pair of glasses and jumped on that horse so quick the bronch' didn't feel him until he'd got both feet in the stirrups and a good grip with his knees. The bronch' started down the road lickety-split. But Teddy stayed on."

"I ought to remember that," said Joe Ferris, dubiously, "but I don't."

"It's a good story," said Merrifield, "but it isn't true. It's like so many of the stories they tell about Mr. Roosevelt out here—just a plain made-up lie. I've seen him thrown from bucking horses and seen him climb back again. That part's all right. But the idea that any of us who were friends of Mr. Roosevelt's playing a trick on him is ree-diculous. There's nothing to it. We wouldn't have thought of such a thing. Nobody played tricks on Mr. Roosevelt. He was a partner of Sylvane and myself and our reputation was made when he came out, and anybody that wanted to play a trick on Mr. Roosevelt knew that he'd have to answer to us. I tell you, the plain truth about Mr. Roosevelt out here in Dakota is plenty good enough. It doesn't need any romancing to make it look fine."

"Merrifield's right there, too," said Sylvane, quickly.

"All these sensational stories about Mr. Roosevelt," Merrifield went on, hotly, "make me sick. The great thing about Mr. Roosevelt out here is that he wasn't sensational. He was just one of us. The Marquis, he was sensational. But Roosevelt just did his job and minded his own business, and people no more thought of playing tricks on him than they thought of playing tricks on Sylvane or myself or Joe. He belonged here just as we belonged here, and that was all there was to it. We all had to ride green horses occasionally, and we'd all get bucked off now and then. We all had to be ready to pull a gun at a pinch, and everybody knew we were ready, and nobody bothered us. There was nothing romantic or sensational about anything. We did our jobs, we had a good time; and when we were through we went our ways, each of us as the Lord minded us, and that was the whole story."

There was a long silence as each of the "old-timers" stared at the green earth about them with distant, dreamy eyes. The glow had long faded from Picket Butte and from the long clay ranges that were its neighbors. The sage-brush flat, where a few hours before had been the milling, bellowing cattle, the dashing horses and intrepid riders, was a deserted field of dusky lavender. The mess-wagon had rattled off long ago. Only a car or two, of forty or fifty, remained at the edge of the flat, waiting like a patient horse silently for its master. In the cottonwood grove, where close together the men were sitting, cross-legged or leaning against the straight, slender trunks or sprawling on the ground tearing dreamily at a grass-blade, the dusk was taking possession. A steer mooed away off among the buttes southeastward.

"It's been pleasant to talk about old times," said "Alf" White. "I don't get back here often, and it sort of brings back things to see a round-up again and talk about the people we used to know."

"There'll never be times like them again," remarked old Nitch. "And it's good to get talking of 'em now and then."

Sylvane looked up, and there was a sad look in his eye. "It's been very nice, boys," he said, "and I've enjoyed it, enjoyed every minute of it. But I can't help remembering that Mr. Roosevelt promised me on the train between Billings and Fargo last October that he'd be out here himself this summer to go with me and Joe and Merrifield and some of you other boys over his old stamping-ground. Well, he won't be here. He won't ever be here again, and for some of us, I guess, the Bad Lands will never be the same again.

"He was like a brother to me. We were partners and we were friends. He's gone, and the rest of life will be mostly just a-remembering of the days when he was here."

Sylvane's voice was husky. He cleared it and continued: "We boys, we never had a better friend, and Dakota never had a better friend, and the American people never had a better friend. He was brave and square and on the job as President, just as he was brave and square and on the job as a cowboy. You couldn't bully him at any time. You couldn't make him afraid. You couldn't make him shirk his work or do anything that was mean.

"Merrifield and Joe and I, we lived with him; we slept under the same blanket with him, we ate out of the same dish. We knew him so we could look clear through him, and, boys, there was nothing there that wasn't straight and clean. There never was a finer set of men anywhere, taken all in all, than the boys you and I knew and lived with here in the Bad Lands in the old days. I knew them all. I knew them as I knew my old clothes, and, boys, I tell you that the finest of them all was Theodore Roosevelt. And I can't quite get used to the thought that now is the time he promised to come, and he isn't going to be here."

His voice was low and a breath of the dusk wind carried away the last of his words.

"If his ghost walks," said Bill McCarty, "and if I knew him at all, his ghost is right with us this minute."

"No," said Joe Ferris, softly but decisively. "No. If it were, we'd have known it. With all us old fellows here he'd have ripped eternity and busted through."

Medora, North Dakota, June, 1919.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

KIPLING'S LATEST WORD[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SOME poets bring to us the romance of the past; some inspire hope by their visions of the future; some give glimpses of the invisible world in which we live; Rudyard Kipling interprets us to ourselves. In their announcement of Kipling's new volume of verse Doubleday, Page & Co. say: "It is easier to know our age and our people if you read his books." This is true. We know of no work of fiction or philosophy which will give to Anglo-Saxon readers a better sympathetic understanding of the East than "Kim," of the English army than "Military Tales" and "Barrack-Room Ballads," of the splendid work which England has done and is doing in her colonies than "William the Conqueror," of the heroism of the fishermen on the Banks than "Captains Courageous," of the contrast between the English and the American temperaments than "An Habitation Enforced," or perhaps (of this we are not so sure) of the English schoolboy than "Stalky and Co." No one would think of going to Kipling for a scientific knowledge of the animal world, but no writer inspires a more sympathetic fellowship with animals than Kipling in his "Jungle Book." No one would go to Kipling for a wise judgment respecting psychic phenomena, but "They" is a most charming story of social kinship with disembodied spirits. Browning does more to make the invisible world real to our apprehension, but Kipling does more to make it seem human. Once he attempted a picture of the celestial future, but it is entirely human—a picture of humanity glorified by the splendid work which man is given the opportunity to do for God and by the purified and ennobling motive which inspires him in that work:

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!"

One is not surprised, then, to find that in his latest volume of verse Kipling speaks for the age rather than to the age. He has not written many things better than "The Glory of the Garden" in the "Poems from History," which in the Scribners' edition is added to "The Years Between," but with that exception he is not seen at his best in this volume. If the world war of the last four years is the most awful, it is also the most splendid, war of history; no other has ever equaled it in the glory of heroic suffering, unselfish service, and deliberate self-sacrifice. One looks in vain in this volume for any interpretation of that phase of national life at all comparable to "The White Man's Burden," yet something of his old-time power appears, as in "The Choice." It is not a great poem, but it is a true interpretation of America's vacillation "in the drugged and doubting years" and of her ultimate decision:

"In the Gates of Death rejoice!
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
With Freedom's brotherhood!"

"A Nativity" is not an adequate interpretation of the anguish of thousands of mothers weeping at the crucifixion of their sons, but the false comfort of spiritism "for such as go down on the road to Endor" and the true comfort of the faith

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RUDYARD KIPLING

which listens to the voice within as it softly says to the steadfast mother, "It is well—it is well with the child," find a true interpretation in the contrasted poems "Endor" and "A Nativity."

But the most effective poems in the book are those which satirize the false and the merely conventional in modern society. An admirable example of this is "The Sons of Martha," a satire of the false and lazy pietism which shuns the burdens of life by pretending to lay them on the Lord when really it is letting them fall on other and braver men:

"They have cast their burden upon the Lord,
and—
The Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!"

Equally keen is the satire of modern paganism. An apology must be made for mutilating "Natural Theology," but there is space here for only four verses:

"PAGAN

How can the skin of rat or mouse hold
Anything more than a harmless flea? . . .
The burning plague has taken my household.
Why have my Gods afflicted me?

PROGRESSIVE

Why are murder, pillage and arson
And rape allowed by the Deity?
I will write to the Times, deriding our parson,
Because my God has afflicted me.

CHORUS

We had a kettle: we let it leak:
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We haven't had any tea for a week. . . .
The bottom is out of the Universe!

CONCLUSION

This was none of the good Lord's pleasure,
For the Spirit He breathed in Man is free;
But what comes after is measure for measure,
And not a God that afflicteth thee.
As was the sowing so the reaping
Is now and evermore shall be.
Thou art delivered to thy own keeping.
Only Thyself has afflicted thee!"

In brief, the reader will find in Rudyard Kipling's latest book of verse no great insight, no great inspiration. He will find a keen and suggestive interpretation of the common experiences of men and women during the last decade, but he will not find in it an interpretation of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of the last four years, as they have been interpreted to us by the voices of some of the soldiers from the battlefield, and from some of the fathers, mothers, and friends who have sympathetically shared their experiences with them.

[1] The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

The Years Between and Poems from History. By Rudyard Kipling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Chinese Puzzle (The). By Marian Bower and Leon M. Lion. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

A readable story with the plot revolving around the theft of a secret treaty between China and England. The book is carefully written and has a capital character in an old Chinese diplomat. In play form the story has been a success in England.

Just Jemima. By J. J. Bell. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Jemima is as amusing in her way as was "Christina" and "Wee MacGreegor" in theirs. As a maid-of-all-work in a seaside boarding-house she is keen to see the weaknesses and entertaining traits of the boarders, while her Scottish dialect is cleverly handled and her fun contagious.

Little Miss By-The-Day. By Lucille Van Slyke. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Moon and Sixpence (The). By W. Somerset Maugham. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

The person who stoops to picks up sixpence when he might aspire to the moon is in this English novel a man who might have had love, friendship, decent living, but who renounces all to follow an instinctive desire to paint. Until middle age he is a commonplace business man with no perceptible leaning to art. Then he abandons wife and children heartlessly and without provision, lives in filthy poverty in the slums of Paris, and later in Pacific islands—and paints, paints, paints! He is brutal, lustful, and detestable. The result is that his weird canvases are recognized after his death by the ultra-modernist critics to be works of genius. Mr. Maugham, with

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exceeding skill and often with repellent realism, strives to make this strange story natural. His novel has power, and has attracted curiosity and attention. Some commentators hold that the title intimates that it is better to grasp at the sixpence at hand than to aspire to the impossible moon—in this case the moon being supreme art. Be this as it may, one is loth to accept as either true or of any particular moment the idea that instinctive and untrained obsession for art expression could transform overnight a dull stockbroker into an unwholesome brute and a sinister genius.

Mr. Standfast. By John Buchan. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Among the best of English stories of spies and plotting in the great war have been those by Mr. Buchan known as the Greenmantle Series. This is, we believe, the third of the series. It brings in characters familiar in the former books. Lovers of plot will find the romance decidedly above the average of its class.

Night Operator (The). By F. L. Packard. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Tales of the railway, each with a stirring incident of accident averted, of the heroism of train-boy, engineer, or other employee. Sometimes the pathetic pedal is pressed a little too insistently, but as a whole the stories have originality and point together with a satisfying amount of humor and character depiction.

Owner of the Lazy D (The). By William Patterson White. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

As the title indicates, this is a story of ranch life and cowboy days in the wild West, with perhaps a superabundance of action and fighting.

Partners of the Out-Trail. By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The scene of Mr. Bindloss's new novel is partly in the wilderness of British Columbia and partly in the north of England. It deals with a Canadian woodsman who turns out to be the heir to an English estate. One is more interested in his struggles in running a telegraph line through the wild Canadian north than in his experiences as an English farmer. The book has romantic as well as descriptive interest.

Singing Mountains. By Albert Benjamin Cunningham. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Sorcery. By Francis Charles MacDonald. The Century Company, New York.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Ireland and England: In the Past and at Present. By Edward Raymond Turner. The Century Company, New York.

Professor Turner has essayed a difficult task in this book—to present both sides of the Irish question. "It would have been less difficult," he truly says, "to write for one side or the other, but already there are many such books." He has made a work, however, that both sides would benefit by reading. It is written in a spirit of detachment from the controversy, and its presentation of the problem is fair, full, and comes practically down to date.

Ireland's Fight for Freedom. By George Creel. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Mr. Creel proves himself a stout champion of Sinn Feinism in this book. It is a stirring piece of controversial writing, and will raise the question in almost every reader's mind, Is Mr. Creel, after all, an Irishman? Like most books of its class, however, this one would be more effective if it did not make its case appear so incontestable. There are two sides to the Irish question, and Mr. Creel would have it appear that there is but one.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Unconducted Wanderers. By Rosita Forbes. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

Two young Englishwomen leave their war work for a vacation and start on a travel trip around the world. Their adventures in America, Hawaii, the South Sea Islands, Java, China, and Korea are told here in unconventional, colloquial style. The descriptions are vivid and are illustrated by snapshots that well match the informal text.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Contact with the Other World. By James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D. The Century Company, New York.

This is an elaborate discussion of the question of human survival after death. The author's conclusion, based upon his investigation of spiritualistic phenomena, is: "Personally I regard the fact of survival after death as scientifically proved." The book presents clearly and cogently the evidence which has convinced Dr. Hyslop. It will not convince all readers, but it will interest all and give the open-minded skeptic much to explain if he wishes to confute the author's conclusions with satisfaction to himself.

George Washington the Christian. By William J. Johnson. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York.

The religious side of Washington's character is presented in this book with an elaboration of citation and incident that has probably never before been attempted. Many readers will find the chapter entitled "Washington Not Profane" the most interesting one. It contains the testimony of General Charles Scott as to Washington's language at Monmouth. Asked if the General ever swore, Scott said: "Yes, once. It was at Monmouth, and on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes, sir, he swore on that day, till the leaves shook on the trees—charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that ever-memorable day he swore like an angel from heaven." The author contends that the last sentence vindicates Washington from the charge of profanity.

Prophecy and Authority. By Kemper Fullerton, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A millennium after the Christian era came a revival of the Jewish-Christian expectation of the imminent advent of Christ in spectacular splendor to reign in an earthly kingdom. After another thousand years the same phenomenon reappears to-day. Professor Fullerton brands this Judaic Christianity as "an anachronism," which "pins its faith to miracle in the boldest and most unmoral form in which miracle has ever been conceived, the miraculous counter-attack upon the spiritual achievements of the race." In view of its amazing spread he calls Protestantism to come to terms with itself and frankly adopt the results of modern Biblical scholarship in the historical interpretation of the Christian Scriptures.

Our home-returning armies, says Professor Fullerton, demand a simplified Christianity in terms of moral and spiritual reality, unfettered by dogma, ritual, ecclesiasticism, denominationalism, and all artificiality. To this the millenarian fallacy of a predictive prophecy fulfilled in historical and current events is monstrously opposed. Its stronghold is the air-castle of an errorless Bible. Its corrective is the history of authoritative prophecy as "a great organic movement in the history of Israel, extending through the centuries, and in its moral power and grandeur presenting a phenomenon absolutely unique in the ancient world, and most easily applicable on the assumption of a supernatural guidance."

Psychological Principles. By James Ward. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This volume by the Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge, England, contains the cream of his lectures and publications since 1880. Besides the principles of psychology underlying our experience, with the problems and theories this gives rise to, Dr. Ward goes afield into sciences related to psychology—epistemology, ethics, philosophy, metaphysics—with a generous allowance of room. His concluding chapter brings it all to focus in "the concrete individual" and "the formation of character as the development of personality." Its noblest is seen in those whose world was "circumscribed by no selfish interests, since they loved God, in whom and by whom and for whom were all things."

Social Christianity in the New Era. By Thomas Tiplady. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

WAR BOOKS

My "Little Bit." By Marie Corelli. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War. Compiled by J. Murray Allison. Volume III. The Century Company, New York.

In artistic merit as well as in the cartoonist's grasp of the vital elements of the events that he is to satirize Raemaekers's cartoons of the war are pre-eminent. These volumes, containing as they do not only pictures but explanatory text, present an indictment of German barbarity that may well be looked at anew from time to time "lest we forget."

MISCELLANEOUS

Alcohol and the Human Race. By Richmond Pearson Hobson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Athletes All. Training, Organization, and Play. By Walter Camp. School, College, and Service Athletics. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Blind (The). Their Condition and the Work Being Done for Them in the United States. By Harry Best, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Punishment and Reformation. A Study of the Penitentiary System. By Frederick Howard Wines, LL.D. New Edition. Revised by Winthrop D. Lane. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Social Work. Essays on the Meeting-Ground of Doctor and Social Worker. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

University Debaters' Annual. Constructive and Rebuttal Speeches Delivered in Debates of American Colleges and Universities During the College Year, 1917–1918. Edited by Edith M. Phelps. The H. H. Wilson Company, New York.

Victory Over Blindness. By Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G.B.E. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Reading this book makes one feel that Sir Arthur Pearson might almost count his blindness a piece of good fortune. His apparent misfortune certainly has proved a blessing to the English soldiers who lost their eyesight in the war and who came under Sir Arthur's care at St. Dunstan's. The book should be read aloud to all the blind. All friends of the blind will equally find it an inspiration.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP IN THE SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

Based on The Outlook of September 17, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The President Goes to the Country; The Peace Treaty in the Senate.

Reference: Pages 77, 78.

Questions:

1. Tell, with reasons, whether, in your opinion, President Wilson is wise in making a direct appeal to the people of the United States to uphold the Treaty of Peace and the League of Nations. 2. The Outlook reports that the President in making speeches in behalf of the Treaty and League used such phrases as "Put up or shut up" and "Contemptible quitters." Do you approve of the use of such phrases by a President of the United States? Tell why or why not. Is it the business of the Senate to "put up or shut up"? 3. Discuss what the attitude of one branch of the Federal Government toward a co-ordinate branch should be. 4. President Wilson, in his opening address on this tour, said: "The only people I owe any report are you and the other citizens of the United States." Do you consider this an astonishing statement? Is it truthful in form? What did he mean? Did he mean that he owed no report to the peoples of the world? That Senators are aliens? That his sole obligations are to the masses of the American people? or what? Consult the Constitution as to the President's responsibility. 5. Do you think it unfair to charge the Republican Senators with "playing politics" in the way they are discussing the Peace Treaty? Reasons. 6. What is the difference between reservations and amendments? Are you a "mild reservationist," stringent reservationist, advocate of the Treaty without change, or an opponent of it root and branch? Give reasons. 7. Discuss whether, in your opinion, the founders of our Government were wise in requiring a two-thirds vote of the Senate for its consent to a treaty's ratification. 8. How would you like to have the Senate reject the whole Treaty and make a separate peace with Germany? Discuss at length. 9. Can you think of any sound and intelligible objection to the four primary reservations? Reasons. 10. Discuss whether the President's Western tour, in your opinion, is fruitless.

B. Topic: Mexico.

Reference: Editorial, pages 81, 82.

Questions:

1. Give as many reasons as you can why "dangerous irritation, antipathy, and hostility exist on both sides of the border." 2. Discuss whether Americans or Mexicans are more to blame for this situation. 3. Tell what you think of letting Mexico drift and possibly in the long run work out its own salvation. 4. Name several things Mexico would have to do in order to be thoroughly saved. 5. The Outlook says that there is "only one thing to be done, and that is to create a real and forceful public opinion in this country for peace or for war." Which, in your opinion, should it be, for peace or for war? Reasons. 6. What is The Outlook's plan for a Presidential Mexican Commission? Tell what you think of it. Name from six to ten men in the United States who you think would meet The Outlook's qualifications for such a commission. 7. Outline a programme which, if acted upon, you feel sure would keep any two countries very cordial toward each other. 8. Give ten reasons why you would rather live in a country such as the United States than in Mexico.

C. Topic: Cartoons of the Week.

Reference: Page 79.

Questions:

1. Rename each cartoon on page 79. Give reasons for selecting the titles you do. 2. What, in your opinion, is the function of cartoons? Of each one of these cartoons? 3. Get a copy of the magazine called "Cartoons." Make several comparisons between the work of American and foreign cartoonists. 4. Compare the nature and the value of the work of editors and cartoonists.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Popular Fallacies.

Reference: Pages 82, 83.

Questions:

1. According to Dr. Abbott, what must be done in order to live in a civilized state and who must do it? 2. Has Dr. Abbott named all of the *absolutely necessary* factors for a modern civilized country? Discuss. 3. Are you civilized? Prove it. 4. Name and discuss the functions of government. 5. What are the duties *every* citizen owes his country? 6. Write an editorial showing that it is the duty of every citizen to make himself a political worker.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Mexico should be annexed to the United States. 2. Politics is more important than religion.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 17, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Unconventional, demarcation (77); Mexico, plebiscite, public opinion (81); community, government (82).

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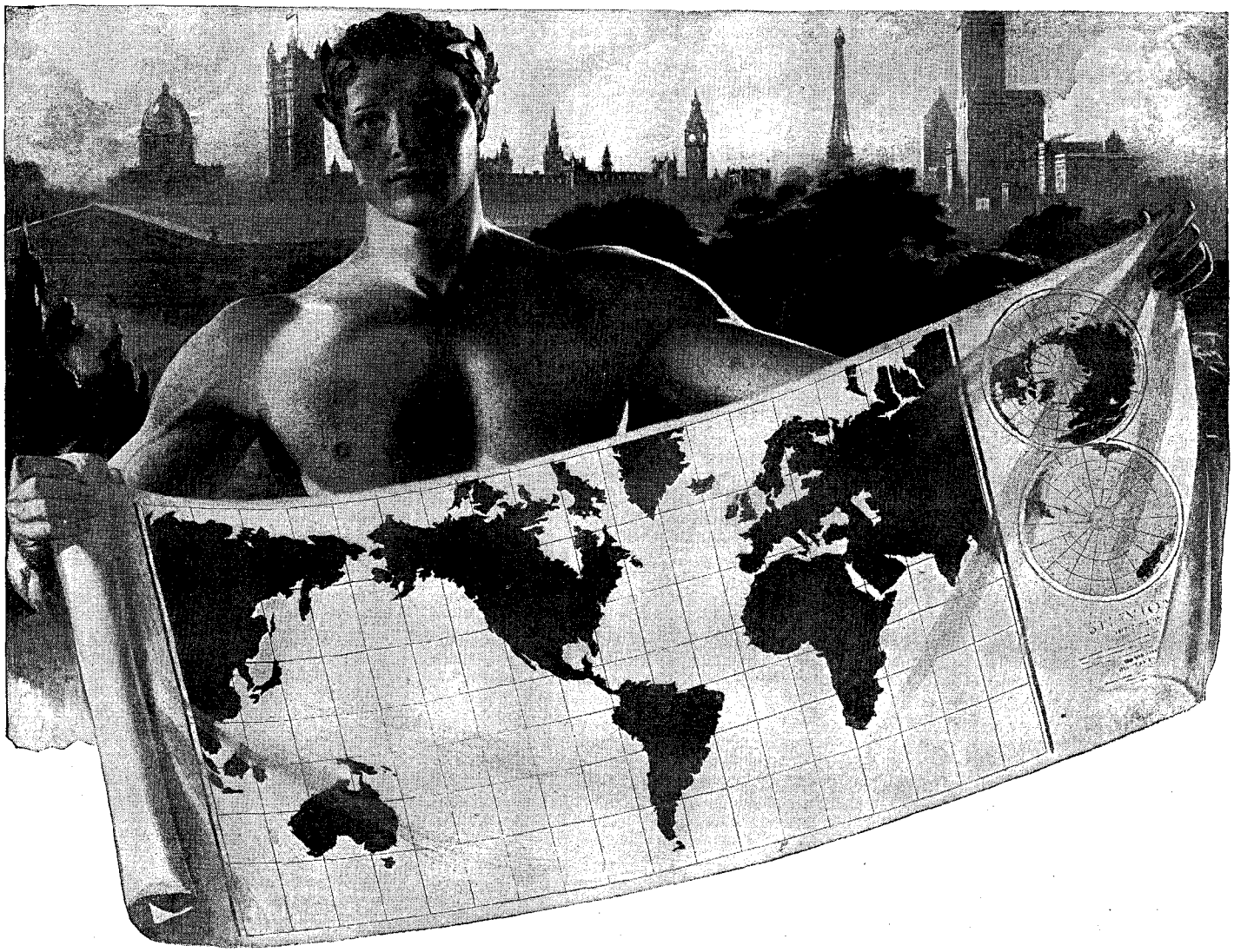

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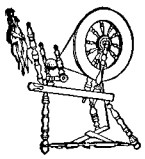

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

RUNNING BACK TO THE SKIRTS OF MOTHER CHINA

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

AUTHOR OF "THE FLAIL"

FOREIGN labor has apparently changed its mind about working for us. It is no longer coming; it is going. Its former great rush for a place on our pay-rolls has changed into a rush for pass-ports. Our greetings have turned into good-bys.

It is estimated that a million of our alien and foreign-born workmen will leave us as soon as they can get ships and pass-ports. This enormous departure is hurling our costs of manufacture to new high levels. It is threatening our facilities for mass production. It is violently tossing the American cost of living, so to speak, in a blanket.

The thing has left us dizzy. It leaves us suspended in mid-air between mowing our own lawns, beating our own rugs, sifting our own ashes, or paying four dollars a day for these services.

This migration of laborers back to Europe proceeds with tidy fortunes sewed into their clothes and lives of ease in prospect in their native south European lands whence formerly issued the bulk of our common labor. For the conclusion of great wars invariably intensifies the earth's normal streams of migration; and at this time America's currents of restless humanity are reversed.

This draining away of labor brings work in great need of being done to a standstill. Factory extensions are being deferred. Homes in many cases are getting no farther along than blue-prints, and people cannot live in blue-prints. Rents keep raging upward for want of homes. Commodity costs remain atrociously high. Flour has shot two hundred and ten per cent above its 1914 mark. The pool of traders who once upon a time brought about alarming "dollar wheat" conditions would to-day cause loud and prolonged thanksgiving if with some traders' magic they could hammer wheat down to the dollar level. "Dun's Index Number" of commodities jumped from 121 in August, 1914, to an average of 229 in 1918, with but scant decline perceptible for 1919.

It is getting so that all that is left of so-called common labor is the phrase. The National War Labor Board calls $1,500 a year the least on which a man can decently provide for a family. Hod-carriers are making enough money to drive their own cars. Kitchen maids earn enough to enable them to draw stockings of silk over their tired legs. Barbers are getting from $35 to $80 per week. Chicago street car employees go on strike for a seventy-seven per cent wage increase. Riveters, one

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Running Back to the Skirts of Mother China
(Continued)

hears, have been getting as high as $200 a week. Railway workers received $810,000,000 more in 1918 than they received in 1917, a period of little or no extension of railway mileage.

EYES OF THE INDUSTRIES TURN TO CHINA

In the face of these conditions, is it any wonder that the eyes of our industries have turned to China, the world's last great remaining reservoir of cheap labor?

A committee of men representing construction interests have gone to Washington with the idea in their heads of trying to establish some way to import from 8,000,000 to 20,000,000 Chinese workmen to the United States. News of this project was an economic shocker. A howl of protest promptly arose.

Why not? the defenders of the idea wanted to know. Isn't China, with its four hundred millions of population, the last great source of supply of cheap labor? Let down the bars, they plead. Let in the tawny hordes. Harness them up to our industries and let them pull down the cost of production and with it this awful cost of living.

But it didn't take the sponsors of the idea long to discover that the application of Chinese labor to American industries, like other radical propositions, was easier said than carried into effect. Union labor came forward with its vociferous veto. American nationalistic sentiment has likewise had much to say about and against admitting millions of Chinese either permanently or temporarily. America is filled with the belief, in short, that the Oriental oil won't mix with the racial waters of the United States and that no chemistry of economic need can make them mix.

And yet this turning to the world's last remaining source of inexpensive labor, this running back to the skirts of Mother China, might set our industries free if we could find a way to overcome the various objections, free to enter an era of enormous expansion. It might set free multitudes of our workmen who are now chained to common labor and open the gates of opportunity to them to work of higher skill and broader promise.

China's labor applied to American products, in short, could possibly crush the backbone of our high cost of living, replace the foreign labor which is leaving our shores in thousands nearly every day, and give us high and lasting advantages in our cultivation of the foreign markets for our goods.

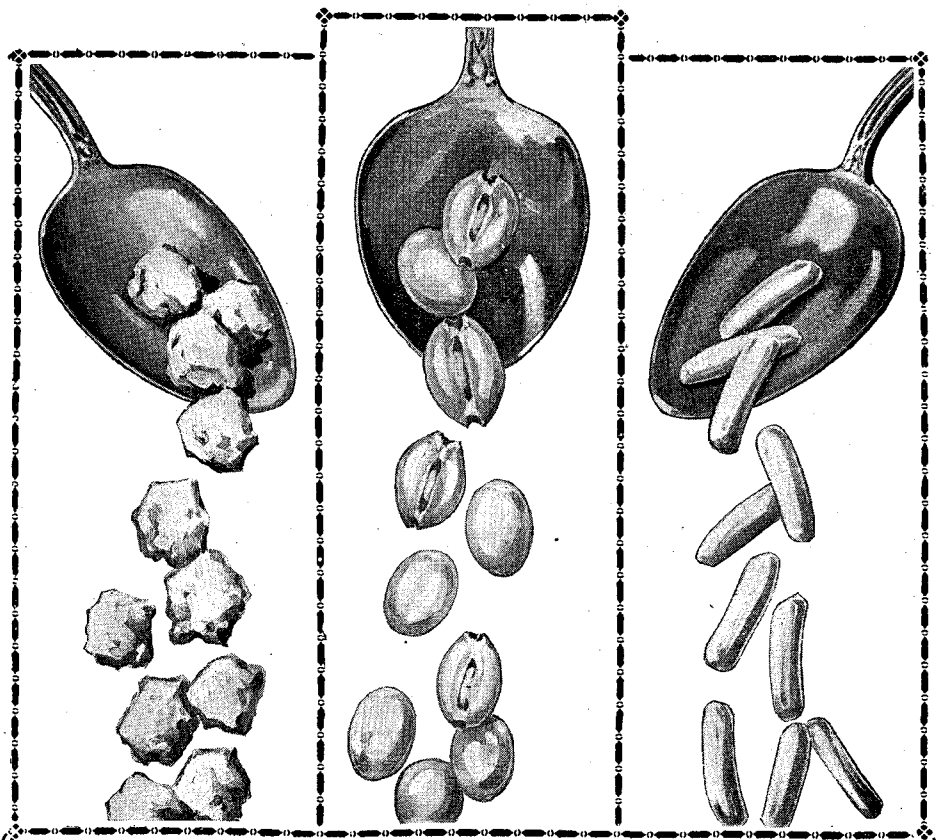
ONE WAY TO USE CHINESE LABOR

There is one way in which the industries of the United States might use China's vast gold mines of inexpensive labor without throwing open our ports to Chinese immigration.

Instead of bringing Chinese labor to our industries, we might take portions of our industries to China.

Are there any sound reasons why American capital could not build American factories in China, make American products on Chinese soil with Chinese labor working under American management, and ship such products to America and other lands, in addition to opening up enormous new markets for American goods in China itself?

American capital could go into China without any of the odium of concessions, of grabs, of exploitation. It would involve, on the contrary, a great industrial co-operative



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All are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, toasted, with a most enticing taste. They seem like food confections. All are steam exploded—shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted by Prof. Anderson's process. Never were grain foods made so easy to digest.

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These are pinnacle foods—enticing, hygienic, rich in what children need.

They hold supreme place among breakfast dainties. But serve them all day long. Float Puffed Wheat in your bowls of milk. Use Puffed Rice in candy making or as garnish on ice cream. Mix Corn Puffs with your fruits.

Crisp and lightly butter—as with peanuts or pop-corn—for hungry children after school. Use these fragile toasted wafers in your soups.

They supply whole-grain nutrition. They never tax the stomach. They make the best foods most inviting.

Puffed Wheat stands first, but all Puffed Grains, with all food cells exploded, are the best foods children get. Don't let a day go by without them if you realize that.

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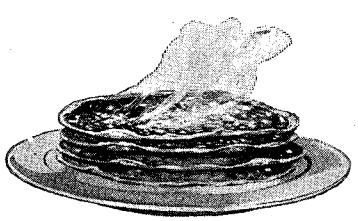

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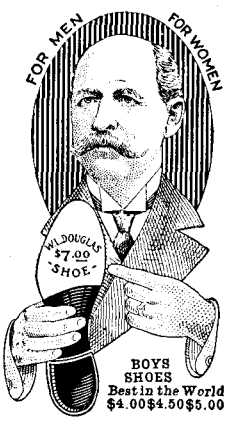

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Running Back to the Skirts of Mother China
(Continued)

effort between American capital and Chinese labor. The alliance would profit China and it would profit America. It would school Chinese labor in the efficient and profitable school of American manufacturing. It would improve and uplift China's labor. It would extend the benefits of American organization, invention, ingenuity, resourcefulness, and initiative like a beneficent leaven on a huge scale to the slow-moving masses of China's man power. It would have nothing in common with Japan's Shantung grab, and it would have nothing in common with concessionaires who go into a country to get but not to give.

AN OPINION FROM WALL STREET

"Is there any reason why American capital could not build factories in China, manufacture goods with Chinese labor, and ship to the United States these American goods made in China?"

I put this question to a high official of a great Wall Street financial institution. The financier replied that he did not see why it could not be done. He mentioned two obstacles, however—the difficulty of getting American machinery into China and our tariff wall.

But is either of these obstacles severe enough to interfere with our producing some of our goods with the labor of a land where a workman can be hired for a fistful of rice per day? Has it not become almost a superstition in American export circles handling machinery that but one foreign machine of a kind is ever ordered by the Japanese? For subsequent machines of the same kind are usually built by the Japanese themselves duplicating the other. It would appear that the machinery for the manufacture of American goods in China might readily be built by American interests on Chinese soil.

And as for the tariff wall keeping American goods made in China from readily leaving China and entering the United State under favorable revenue rulings, would it not appear that the mutual benefits of such an industrial alliance to both nations would surely deposit us on the doorstep of correct revenue conditions?

AN ANCIENT HERITAGE

China's part in the world war consisted largely of sending 140,000 Chinese workmen to do trench-digging and other labor for England and France. We hear most favorable reports of the will and workmanship of these non-combatant regiments. Thus Chinese labor, forbidden to come to America, has nevertheless been learning Western industrial methods. These thousands of Chinese have returned to China with new ideas in their heads, a new picture of Western organization and effort in their minds, and probably with new ambitions and new visions stirring in them.

Do you question China's ability to help us manufacture some of our goods? Do you question her training, her skill, her quality of workmanship?

In her craftsmen dwells a heritage of 4,000 years of patient handiwork. What of her delightful rugs, hushing your footsteps into the merest whisper of a walk? What of her pigments, outliving the very fabrics that they color? What of her beguiling lamps and lanterns, her wood-carving, her carving of alabasters and jades, not forgetting her exquisite embroideries, her idols, her ancestral tablets, her temples?

Who shall say that Chinese workmanship is not ingenious, even inspired? Who can gainsay her technique with tools, who challenge her ability to transform raw materials into finished wares with beauty and with subtle understanding? For all that China gazes bewilderedly upon our newer sense of industrial organization, of machinery, of distribution, of merchandizing, and of valuation, who can deny the will and skill of China's labor—a substantial labor that embodies the patience and understanding of forty centuries of continuous apprenticeship that reaches back and back through her brave cycles of development? For all that China is ninety per cent illiterate, ninety per cent pauper, and ninety per cent inefficiently employed, her industrial destinies and ours might be brought together and fused with high advantages to both countries.

WHY NOT BUILD BRANCH FACTORIES ACROSS THE PACIFIC?

For the sake of more proficient distribution and quicker delivery of orders it has long been the custom of American manufacturers to establish branch factories, assembling plants, and the like at strategic points throughout the United States and even Canada. This speeds up distribution, saves shipping costs and warehouse charges, takes advantage of sources of raw materials and labor, and helps overcome the jamming of freight facilities in the older centers of production.

Now, if factory branches can profitably be built and operated in Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, and Vancouver, why cannot American manufacturers open branch factories in Peking, in Shanghai, in Canton, and in Hongkong? American goods made in China would have emphatic advantages over the same grades of products manufactured in the United States. They would be fabricated with cheaper labor from materials bought in the world's cheapest markets. They could be manufactured in plants located on cheaper sites than could be secured anywhere in America. "Overhead expenses" would come down to a point where American goods could

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Running Back to the Skirts of Mother China
(Continued)

compete for Chinese markets. Goods so manufactured could be shipped back to the United States and sold here at far lower prices than if made, say, in Newark, Rochester, Chicago, or Kansas City.

This establishment of American plants on Chinese soil would not necessarily throw American workmen into competition with Chinese labor. The net result would, on the contrary, be a working with rather than a working against the interests of the American workingman. It would release American labor from jobs that could be done quite as well in China by Chinese, and would enable American labor to concentrate to its own advantage upon jobs that have to be done on American soil. The construction of American homes, schools, roads, bridges, railway mileage, canals, irrigation systems, and improved waterways now being held up for lack of labor might be speeded up by making some of our hardware, rails, rivets, girders, furniture, clothing, and even food products in China.

Why not shoes, hats, gloves, and suits made in American factories located in China? Why not chairs, books, kitchen utensils, motor-car tires and accessories made in China in scrupulous conformity with American standards of manufacture? The peanuts you munched last were probably grown in China, shelled in China, and salted in China. Why not chicken potted in China, beans and fruits canned in China, wheat shredded in China, rice puffed in China—all bearing the familiar brands, the same guaranteed quality which you demand of your grocer? Why not button-holes sewed in China, ready-to-wear garments bearing the familiar label of your favorite manufacturer tailored in Hankow instead of in Chicago or Rochester? The thing has fundamental and profound advantages.

FOREIGN CAPITAL PROFITABLY INVESTED IN CHINA

Foreign capital has found its way into Chinese railway construction—a total of some $286,000,000 representing some 2,779 miles of railway, divided among Japanese, Russian, and French projects. If foreign capital can successfully engage in railway work in China, why can it not engage in the successful production of commodities other than transportation? The raw materials are there, the labor is there, the will to co-operate is there.

If China can annually export 38,400,000 pounds of egg albumen and yolk, twenty-five per cent of the same to the United States, what is to prevent the manufacturers of American candies and baked goods from building plants in China to take care of part of their increased volume of orders from the trade?

China looms important as a future potential center of American weaving and American garment-making. She is the third country in cotton production, being surpassed only by America and India. Scientific methods of planting would increase China's yield two to three-fold per acre. Her planted acreage might be increased almost without limit. She still has tens of thousands of hand looms. Some of her Shanghai mills show forty per cent profits on their capital invested.

Why could not American manufacturers go into China and utilize, organize, and modernize this wealth of raw material, labor, and opportunity to diminish the terrible costs of the finished products in cotton-goods lines in the United States? China has 1,500,000 spindles and 5,000 looms. For the past seventeen years her manufacturers have been declaring average dividends of twenty per cent per year. What could not American machinery, American management, and American distribution do in such a field?

HEAVY AMERICAN IMPORTS FROM CHINA

If it is good business for American industries to buy heavily in the Chinese markets, would it not be even better business for American industries to establish themselves in part upon Chinese ground?

The running story of American importations in a multitude of lines from China would appear strongly to support the belief that American capital might profitably engage in the manufacture of its finished products in China. American banking connections have already crossed the Pacific to new and welcome homes in China. One great American banking institution alone, the National City Bank of New York, already has established its own branch banks in Canton, Hankow, Hongkong, Peking, Shanghai, and Tientsin, China. The Federal Reserve Law makes it possible for our National banks to establish foreign branch banks; American financial houses, speaking our own language and guarding the interests of American enterprises in China with strong and friendly hands, will greatly facilitate the work of pioneer American manufacturers who may decide to help reduce the American cost of living by manufacturing part of their goods in China.

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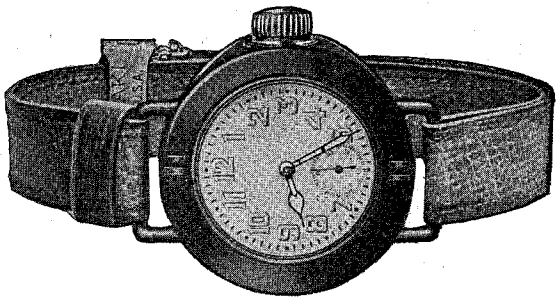

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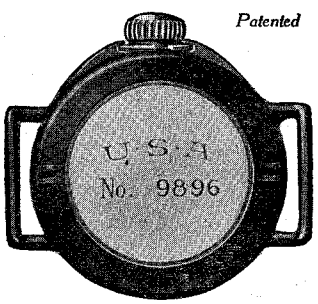

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

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HAVE YOU A FINANCIAL FUTURE?

IT is not necessary to seek the aid of clairvoyance to determine your probable rating ten years hence. If you will carefully take account of stock on hand and the number of customers, prospective and actual, and multiply this figure by the energy you are expending, both physical and mental, you may arrive at a fairly definite estimate of your potential accomplishment.

There is no enchantment or fascination, no mysticism or second sight, in plain, cold figures, and there is no great satisfaction in hopes contingent upon luck. We may be thrilled by the promise of a great future told to us by one with assumed supernatural knowledge; and if all is to be well, why, fine and good—if not, we say we don't believe in spiritualism and the black art anyway. If, we say, we are to have a brilliant future—and we are all of us more or less fatalists—why, then, should we not live from day to day on the reasonable assumption that we live only once and life is all too short? There comes a day when this philosophy does not seem as sound and sagacious as it did once upon a time. Then we say, What an absurd dogma! Could we actually have believed that the world owed us a living? No, it was laziness on our part; we didn't trouble ourselves to give heed to the future.

If it is not too late in your own case, would it not be wise to ask what *you* believe *your* financial future holds in store for

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Financial Department (Continued)

you? Can you not change this for the better? Have you any definite plans, and are you working each day for a stronger foothold—and getting it? Or are the thoughts, such few as do come to you, only vain hopes which in their very extravagance stand little chance of being realized? Indifference about matters that should be of vital interest will in time dull our senses and our capacity to bring things to pass.

"They haven't got me yet" is a poor philosophy to build upon, and they *may* get you to-morrow. That is the comfort of the fugitive from justice, but is small cheer to the man awaiting execution. The man who believes in himself—the persistent, hard worker—lays out difficult tasks, plans a line of direction to follow, and fixes a goal toward which he runs, with the object or end in view that at this point he expects or hopes to close his labors.

Many men have ambition, but no direction or purpose in mind, and purposelessness precludes success.

Is it not worth while to stop and ask one's self, "What is my aim? What direction am I taking to attain this end, and is my aspiration worthy of attainment, is its consummation deserving of my endeavor?" If not, it may not be too late to take another bow and change the target, or reduce the distance so that we may have some possible chance of hitting at least the outer circle, if not by hazard the bull's eye.

If in our daily efforts we have been building on the sands, too busy at our task to realize what our position actually was, we can ill afford not to stop and look about us; no one really communes with one's self sufficiently except when in distress. If, on the other hand, it was not industry but indifference that prevented a full realization of our perilous environment, we must waste not a minute in changing our position and our attitude.

Just as nature rebels when we overstep the bounds in the matter of health, so does the law of business success become restive and turbulent when we live beyond our means, trusting in some turn of the wheel to make amends for our digression. How can the conscience of the lavish spender remain untroubled when he knows that his wife and children would be unprovided for in the event of his death or the sudden termination of his earning capacity, which, although it may not be sufficient for his tastes, is at least something? This man's future is dark indeed.

And, again, what a pathetic outlook has the man who has turned over his life's earnings to some unscrupulous bucket-shop burglars who have made him believe that he is buying securities on the installment plan—yes, a stall-and-stall-meant plan when he tries to regain possession of his effects.

The prospects of the man who, instead of investing his surplus funds in negotiable, salable securities with collateral value, has bought too much land and attempted to erect too many houses thereon, and then, unable to borrow or sell, must lose all, are no less deserving of our compassion than the hopeless to-morrows of the less aggressive men above mentioned.

Of course you and I would not make such foolish blunders, but there are other pitfalls less formidable perhaps but no less deadly which may upset the carefully thought-out plans that we have formulated. For instance, have you thought that in the event of your death your wife would know very little about the proper handling of your real estate or mortgage loans? Don't you care if sharpers take away all the capital on whose earning power your family must rely unless they become a public charge?

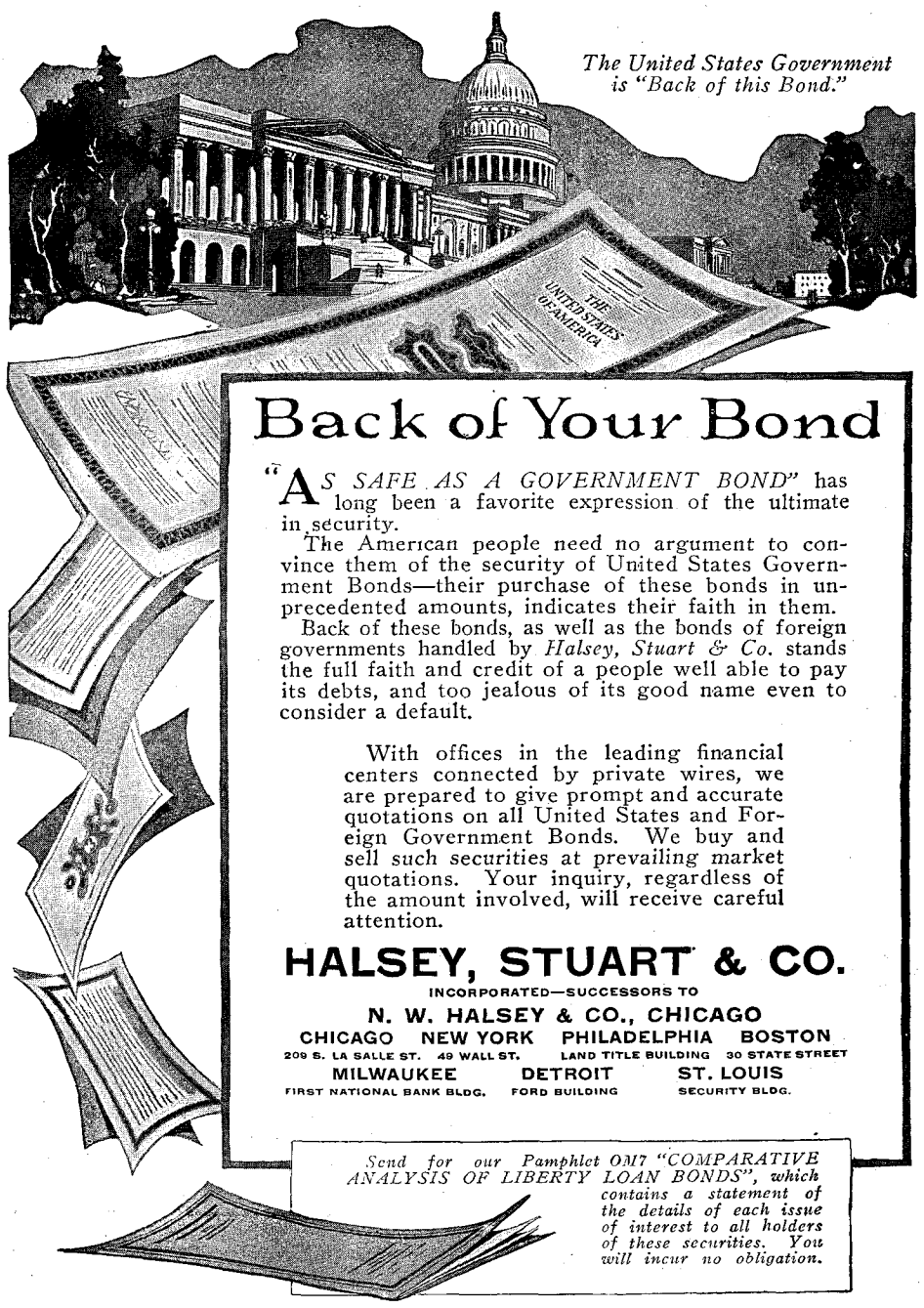
Have you made a will stipulating how your property is to be divided—or don't you care who gets it, or upon what false pretense your property may be claimed so that your daughters must seek employment as waitresses?

Have you a paying business that in its present form would cease to exist without you? Then why not incorporate it, or change it so that you may still have time to teach some one how it may be carried on with profit to your family? If you don't know how, don't decide it *can't* be *done*—find out *how it can be.*

Have you built a comfortable home on your own land and fitted it out with all life's necessities and many luxuries and overlooked the possibility of a ravaging fire that would turn you and your family into the street—then only to realize that you carried but $500 fire insurance, or none at all?

If you feel you can't afford to pay the small premium on sufficient fire-insurance protection to cover your present household effects, why not, instead of buying new dining-room furniture which you do not actually need, fully insure against loss that which you already have and use the scratched oak table a little longer and have the chair seats mended? Wouldn't that be better business?

Do you know what it costs you to live? Probably not within a few hundred dollars anyway if you have not made a household budget and do not keep account of every cent you spend. If you do, you will often find that you can revise your expenditures. And the fact that you always have a bank balance of about $100 does not mean that you are living within your income; and even if you are just barely doing that, what about your future when you may not earn as much as you do now? Are you planning to give your children a decent education? Of course, you say, but how? Suppose one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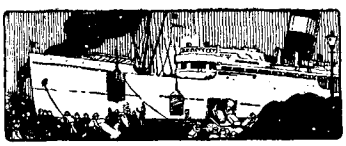

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Financial Department (Continued)

child has a natural talent for music, will you be able to develop that talent although some troublesome business contingencies should arise at just that time? Or is it your belief that the Lord will provide? At the pace you are now living, at the rate you are foolishly spending, do you really believe that you have any financial future?

In old age will you only be able to bore your listeners with stories of horses and servants your father had? What is the matter with *you?* If it is just thoughtlessness, take a pencil and figure up how your estate would look should you die to-day. Then start at once to do something about it. If you are too tired to think about anything now, and are too hungry, get a cup of coffee and a piece of bread; then start something, for you are not getting any younger, and it will be harder next year than it is to-day to make a beginning. You can at least go without so much luncheon, and even if you only save $10 in six months, you will be better off then than you are now.

A small beginning should not frighten you nor seemingly slow progress deter you from your firm resolve no longer to allow yourself to be careless of your financial future—if you believe you have one. If not, you are all through now, a failure, and worse than a public charge in that your innocent family must suffer at a time when you can be of no assistance to them. You may be leading an exemplary life; you may be running your household on a businesslike basis—although few of us are; you may feel that your investments *may* take care of your family after your death; but there are probably some weak points, some stormy times ahead, if you have not minutely and most carefully provided for your financial future in a more practical way than to gaze into the crystal ball.

Your inheritance taxes may be an unnecessary burden. Andrew Carnegie said in his delightfully simply-worded will, "My wife and daughter have been amply provided for during my life." Possibly your executor would be incapable of rightfully administering your estate without the aid of a trust company. Again, a trust fund for your wife and for each of your children might be arranged now to better advantage than after your decease. You may have overlooked the expedient utility of a joint bank account with your wife, or the advisability of joint accessibility to your safe deposit box, or the value of a "power of attorney" in the case of both your wife and yourself.

If you have given due thought to all the many intricate contingencies bearing upon the success or failure of your financial future, you are one in a thousand, and your family is indeed fortunate, and no matter what your actual net worth may be at your death you may justly feel that you have done all that was within your power, and the other 999 may well follow your example. Let us begin to-day. Have we an object and what is it? How shall we attain it?

Of course it is idle to tell others what to do with their lives, and any one would be taking a presumptuous chance by so doing, but suggestions may be made in good faith if only as subjects for discussion. A man's career can be settled only by himself, his wife, and his Creator; but *perhaps* he has the most to say about it. If he has, let him speak.

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IT was at a luncheon at Lord Rosebery's. Sir Otto Trevelyan, the British statesman, was there. The talk turned to shooting, and some question arose about Mr. Roosevelt as a rifle-shot.

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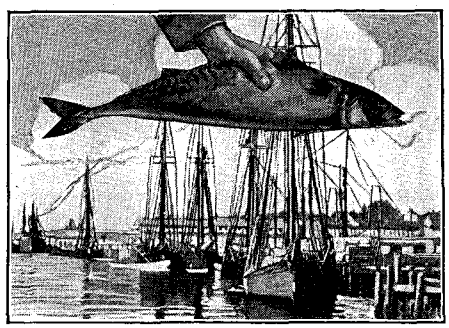

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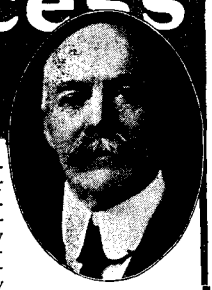

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BY THE WAY

All the principal European ports are at present congested, according to a nautical authority. Psychological conditions of the workers are given as an explanation. A Liverpool ship-owning firm says that its longshoremen are at present doing only seven-twelfths of the work per day that they did before the war. "This strange psychological phenomenon," comments "Shipping," "is not afflicting port workers only; laboring people the world over are suffering from it. It is a reaction from the nervous tension which existed during the past five years."

A subscriber asks for information about Lake Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoochaubunagungamaugg, near Webster, Massachusetts. He states that maps usually shorten the name to Chaubunagungamaugg. Perhaps some Massachusetts subscriber, learned in Indian terminology, will oblige with particulars about the name?

Who is the oldest man in the world? A despatch from Lexington, Kentucky, claims that "Uncle" John Shell, of Leslie County, Kentucky, is 131 years old. Mr. Shell, it is asserted, made flintlock rifles as far back as 1805, and a tax receipt bearing his name made out in 1809 is in existence, it is said. In an interview with him published in the New York "Sun" the most notable sentence is this: "During my entire life," he said, "I have never had a scrap or a fuss with any one, and as I look back over my long life I take great pride in that fact." And this from a man who has passed his life in a State where feuds are not unknown!

Here is a characteristic story of Mr. Roosevelt, which we find in an exchange: "Young Roosevelt, at a flying school in France, talked about his father's farming experiences. 'My father,' he said, 'was a gentleman farmer for many years. Now he'd have a ranch. Now he'd have a plantation. The experience was costly. "Father," I said to him one day in my childhood, "what is a gentleman farmer?" "Quentin," said my father, "a gentleman farmer is a chap who never raises anything except his hat." '"

The "Home News" of New York City prints this: "An old-time life-saver tells a funny story on himself. He jumped overboard and rescued a man who was clad in a Palm Beach suit. 'Here, my good fellow,' said the rescued one, 'I must reward you for your heroism.' The man he pulled from a watery grave handed the life-saver a quarter. Tableaux."

He thought a lot of himself, but yet she refused him, says a humorous weekly, emphasizing man's desire to "save his face" when a girl has jilted him. "Couldn't you learn to love me?" he said, appealingly. "No." "Ah!" recovering himself; "it is as I feared. You are too old to learn!"

What can you do to your neighbor's hen if she trespasses on your garden? This perennial question is answered by the "Rural New Yorker" thus: "The shotgun remedy is practiced by many exasperated farmers and gardeners. After repeated damage they write the owner that if the hens come back they will be shot. If after this warning the hens come back, you may shoot them and take the consequences. After shooting them throw the hens over the line on the owner's premises. If the owner is large enough, he may thrash

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